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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached a regular issue of more than *Sixty Thousand Copies*, and the editions printed are steadily increasing.

The proprietors beg to say that they will be happy to receive sketches or photographic pictures of striking scenes, important events, and leading men from artists in every part of the world, and to pay liberally for such as they may use.

THE POLICE WAR.

THE contest now going on in the Hall for the control of the police of this city is well worthy of curious observation; and we may as well premise—not for the sake of any affectation of independence of opinion, but to make our remarks more clearly understood—that, so far as the strife now raging involves the enjoyment of the police powers by a body of partisans of one color, or a body of partisans of another color, we are in that sort of absolute indifference in which the Grand Vizier announced his master to be when, being informed, in the days of Ottoman magnificence, that His Catholic Majesty had won a great victory over His Christian Majesty, he replied, "What matters it to the Sublime Porte whether the hog worries the dog, or the dog worries the hog?" The success or defeat of either division of the furious factionists who are daily doing their utmost to destroy the reputation, property, health, and morals of this city, must be a matter of very remarkable indifference to any citizen who truly regards the great interests of the metropolis.

But there underlies the present contest a question which, it seems to us, is strangely lost sight of by even moderate and thinking men; and that is, whether we are to remain a Constitutional Government, or are to be resolved into a pure Democracy, and are to hold all our rights at the mercy of the mere will of fluctuating, ignorant, reckless, partisan legislative majorities. It is, in other words, whether there be any sanctity or safeguard in written Constitutions.

It is as clear as any proposition in history or politics, that the leading idea of the Constitution of 1846, of this State, was what is called to decentralize power, and to distribute it among the various local subdivisions of the State, leaving all the local officers to local election or local appointment; and thus depriving the Governor or Legislature of the power of filling the local offices. It is no matter whether this be right or wrong; it is certainly the Constitution under which we live. And to do this, all city and county offices were made elective, or appointable by the local bodies or constituencies.

Now the Metropolitan Police District Bill fuses four counties together, calls the thing thus formed a District, and then proceeds to place the whole police force—altogether about 1200 strong—under the control of the central power of Albany. It is obvious that, if this can be done for one purpose, such as police, it can be done for roads, for education, for the poor, for any of the purposes to which the county powers have been thus far applied, and that thus the very notion of local administration of power may be obliterated.

The history of the whole thing is this: There is no pretense of any governmental necessity which calls for a union of even two counties for police purposes. The rural districts of Westchester and Richmond no more need a New York police than they do an English constabulary, or a mounted French *gendarmerie.* This poor pretext is not even seriously urged. The secret of the matter lies here. The bill as it now stands was introduced originally precisely as it is, and made applicable to the city of New York alone, some months since, when the Attorney-General gave an elaborate opinion against it on the simple constitutional question which we have stated. This ought effectually and forever to have killed it.

Not so, however, by any means. The police force of New York is an immense engine; a body of men 1200 strong, almost the only considerable body that knows any thing about discipline in the city, may be a very formidable weapon in political controversies, and the power was not thus to be given up. Thereupon this notable device was contrived, to fuse four counties into one, to call this new territorial department a Police District; and then to arrogate the power of appointment to the central authority of the State, which is in open political contest with the city.

Now, whether this scheme shall succeed or not depends on the Judiciary alone; and on its success also depends, as we have said, to a great extent, the question whether we are to have a Government of constitutional checks, administered, applied, and enforced by an intelligent and firm Judiciary, or whether we are hereafter to live under a mere Government of shifting, temporary, partisan legislative majorities. It is nonsense to suppose that if a device so thin, so transparent as this can succeed, that any safeguard will stand in the way of a heated majority bent on acquiring or retaining power.

The questions on which the legal debates have thus far principally turned seem to us very small, and, to ordinary apprehension, very trifling. Who cares whether a tax-payer must leave the door open for others to come in after him or not? Who cares whether a *quo warranto* be a civil or criminal proceeding?

The real points—the only points—of public interest are, Can plain, positive, direct constitutional provisions, intended to secure popular rights, be defeated by mere subterfuge and evasion? Are our legislative bodies under the control of the Judiciary, as to their observance of our written Constitution, or not? These questions are the real questions in this case. They are questions of great and pervading interest, of lasting interest, and, as they shall be decided now, full of moment for our hereafter.

It is not to be denied that there is a growing disregard of the sanctity of Constitutional Law in the country; and it seems to us that it may, with equal truth, be said, there is a marked diminution of that old national quality of common sense of which we used to boast—that plain common sense, which, for the conduct of affairs, is worth myriad-fold all that wit, or genius, or passion, or unregulated intelligence can accomplish. Where do we at this moment, in public affairs, show our common sense? Is it in our furious controversies about the Slavery question? is it in the temperance frenzy? is it in the political strifes that have entered into every hamlet of the country, and which pervert and destroy our simplest machinery of government? Is it in the supineness and apathy with which our "shrewd business men," as they call themselves, look on and see every thing that is dear and valuable in our institutions rent and torn and striven for, and snarled over as bones may be by hungry dogs, or a carcass by savage wolves? Is it, in fine, in the indifference which, as we say, is every day more and more apparent in regard to the great principles of constitutional law?

With constitutional law, American liberty, twin babe, was suckled, and with constitutional law, whenever it perishes, American liberty must disappear. The fundamental notion of our freedom is distrust of mere legislation, of the exercise of the power of majorities clothed with temporary power—and that distrust gave rise to the idea peculiar to this country, known nowhere else, of imposing checks on legislative authority, and of enforcing those checks by an impartial and intelligent judiciary.

Whenever the judiciary shall cease to have the courage faithfully to exercise this great trust the remainder of its duties will be little worth discharging; and whenever the reckless and violent partisans of our legislatures put their feet on the neck of the judiciary, all that is left of our present form of government will hardly be worth an epitaph. Much will be done to solve the great problem, one way or the other, by the determination of the police question.

It may be proper to close by saying, that as the injunction question will no doubt be disposed of before these paragraphs appear, we can not be suspected of desiring to pervert the power of the press to affect the determination of a matter *sub judice.*

TRIAL *OF* JURIES.

THE preposition slightly varies the phrase so musical to Saxon pride, from the times of Coke to Blackstone, and from those when Junius polished rhetoric to when Carlyle and Emerson complicate it. Trial *by* jury has been again and again the subject of panegyric; but our modern judges, under the elective system, compel the paragraphist to write "trial *of* juries."

The present week has inaugurated one of these latter. The sheriff has summoned half the electors into court, and the clerk has retailed the Directory, while an Attorney-General and an ex-judge have sat by to check off the names. Our wonder has been that the jurors have not challenged the officials, instead of being challenged. That recent playwright who made an indignant grocer send out for pistols when he was informed that shortly the counsel would "challenge" him "for cause," was guilty of more seriousness than he anticipated; nor did the audience laugh very much, because feeling that the time might come when pistols and a peremptory challenge *would* go together in a court-room.

James Jobson, Esq., the most retiring of our subscribers, sneers at fame and its roll of heroes, and blesses Heaven no one meddles with *his* name. Misguided James Jobson, Esq.! Why, last September, in a little room in the City Hall, the Commissioner of Jurors, with a little knot of judicial dignitaries, especially pondered over that name as he fished it from the Tax List for the annual jury panel. "Jobson," says the Commissioner, "is the very man for juror; retired from business; has leisure; has broad humanities; plenty of patience; is uncommonly meek; stands to bullying as a cockroach to Costar's powder; always goes with the judge's charge; and never has a fixed opinion." The dignitaries nod, and Jobson's name, after admiringly going the round, stops quietly (but in a pompous round-hand, such as engrossers use) upon that especial roll of fame known as the jury panel of the county. And James Jobson, Esq., has notoriety. He is made foreman of the Grand Jury, and listens piously to the cant of the judge about liquor-shops and policy-dens and the usury laws, and thinks—poor soul!—there is a reform meant. Moreover, at another term on the petit jury, he becomes the one virtuous citizen against eleven obstinate men, and has a corresponding blessing in the public prints under a pompous heading, concerning "disagreements of juries." And one day James Jobson, Esq., shows his invariable blue coat, brass buttons, and satin stock before a crowded court-room, in a murder case.

"James Jebson," cries the clerk.

"Here! But my name is—"

"Step this way," cries the judge.

"Hurry up!" says the crier.

"S-i-l-e-n-c-e!" roars an usher, as if he were the very *avant courrier* of Fame blowing the trumpet at the name of Jobson.

"Is your name Jebson?" says the clerk.

"No, Sir; my name is—"

"Stand aside," says the crier. "Don't you know better than to come up when another name is called?"

"But—"

"Go back, Sir!" adds the judge, severely; and James Jobson, Esq., retires, feeling very angry as the crowd titter.

Here a young attorney, ambitious to distinguish himself, rises in the body of the bar, and says, "May it please the court, I have no doubt the person just on the jury-stand is the person meant. I know him well (Jobson smiles, and promises young Briefless in his heart another invitation to dinner, for Jobson feels, somehow or another, as if justice was chaffing him). Mr. Clerk, pray see if the original panel has not an 'o' instead of an 'e.'"

The panel being more closely examined, a misplacement of a vowel is ascertained. The clerk cries "Oh!" and the usher echoes it, by way of making the letter emphatic; and again the victim juryman stands at the bar, as if *he* were the murderer, and looking very red in the gills, like the shad he bought for breakfast.

"Why didn't you explain?" says the judge, in a tone meant to be mild; but before Jobson has time to show how he has been misjudged the wheels of justice are buzzing about him. He is sworn to answer questions. He is told to look at the two triers in the first seats. He learns that *he*—a lawful juryman—is on trial, and his heart swells.

"Has he formed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Mrs. Cunningham?" He thinks not. Barrister Severity wants no "thinks;" he is entitled to "knowledge." Well, Jobson knows he has none. Whereof the judge approvingly makes note. "Does he know the prisoner?" Jobson indignantly cries "No." "Has he read of the case?" Jobson inwardly blesses Heaven for newspapers, and triumphantly says he has. "Did the case make an impression?" Jobson sees his brain is drawn in question, and says it has; whereupon Barrister Severity makes a long note, and continues: "And has it left a prejudice?" None. Jobson is a fair man, and will not judge hastily. So the two lawyers lay their heads together and criticise Jobson. One has heard he is a timid man; the other thinks he has too large a bump of destructiveness. One doubts his veracity, and thinks him hungering and thirsting after jury duty; and the colloquy, that is conducted in a whisper, and with sage nods, to the infinite delight of the audience results in Jobson being told that he is challenged peremptorily; and he accordingly retires, for a similar scene to ensue with a hundred others—each of them thinking as they are challenged that the choice of weapons should be with *them!*

Jobson has been tried. Jobson has been convicted of being a fair, honest, candid man; a reader of newspapers; and possessing too much respectability for a capital juror. Jobson has told us all about it, not that he is sorry at the result, for the trial would have been a bore, and the interest of it has gone; and then to judge a human soul is a great exercise of omniscience.

But, then, has not justice lost something by the operation? Justice thinks so as she winks from under her bandage at the vulgar little wretch who took the place that should have been allotted to Jobson, and "who had read no newspaper," and "didn't believe in newspapers nohow," and "was ready to play fair," etc., etc., etc.

How delighted the city became when it was announced, a month ago, that the Legislature had in passage a statute to rectify this trial *of* jurymen. But how sad the best thinkers became when it was conclusively added, shortly afterward, that the lawyers who were so attached to abuses and thrived by them, had succeeded in killing it. So the trials of jurymen proceed, and courts and lawyers will continue for a long time to come to worry Jobson & Co., whenever a case of interest demands their services as jurors.

HOUSE-SERVANTS.

AMONG the commodities which the prosperity and the general expansion of the last few years have greatly enhanced in price, one of the most important, though least talked about, is the wages of house-servants. A few years ago, four dollars a month procured the services of a very respectable girl, either as nurse or housemaid, in a city family, and a good cook could be had for six. Now, eight and ten dollars frequently fail to command the same domestics. Mistresses complain that, with large experience and great exertion, they are unable to procure good servants, even at rates of wages which the last generation would have thought utterly absurd and ridiculous. We hear on many sides stories of combinations on the part of registry-offices, etc., etc., to keep up wages beyond their legitimate level.

The truth is, of course, that the demand for good servants is in excess of the supply. The Scotch and English girls who immigrate, find better prospects of settlement in life out West than in the sea-board cities; American girls can generally do better than go to service; and thus we in New York are left to the tender mercies of such German and Irish girls as have not the means or the wit to seek a home in a more promising region. Very many of these are not fitted, by their education and their habits, to be good domestics; the extraordinary step in life which they take when they exchange beggary at home for affluence here, does not improve their character; in not a few cases, their first thought, when their mistress has been at the pains to teach them their duties, is to leave her, and make capital elsewhere out of their new acquisitions.

This is the case for the mistresses, and in one point of view it seems hopeless. Certainly no one would hope to see the day when the prospects of the West should be such as to deter immigrants from flocking thither; nobody would desire to see our prosperity checked in order to bring down wages. Nor can any new impulse given to immigration help the matter; for, in proportion to the supply of men and women, the country will advance, and every commodity, including domestic labor, will advance with it. Something perhaps might be done by further encouragement to colored service. Colored women, when properly trained, make excellent house-servants, and were they placed under a rigid discipline at an early period of life, they would no doubt excel in attention, affection, and steadiness, many races from which our present supply of house-servants is derived. It might be worth consideration whether institutions for training young colored girls for domestic service would not answer a useful purpose. We beg to commend the subject to the kind consideration of those who have made themselves conspicuous by their efforts to alter, if not to improve, the standing of the negro race in America.

But let us inquire whether all the difficulty that exists arises from the operation of an economical law, and the perversity of newly imported girls. The relation between mistress and servant is not altogether a one-sided contract; it involves reciprocal and mutual obligations. If the servant owes obedience, faithfulness, and zeal, the mistress as plainly owes kindness, watchfulness, and a judicious superintendence. By the first principles of natural law, a breach of contract on the one side justifies a breach on the other. And if the mistress is faithless to her duty, she can not complain if the servant disregards hers. A mistress, for instance, who devotes the whole of her time to the enjoyments of society, and disregards the concerns of her household, can not be allowed to bewail herself if her servants follow her example, for her charge of them is as clear and as peremptory as their charge of her interests. Nor can a querulous, selfish mistress expect devotion and zeal from persons whom she teaches to dislike her. Satisfactory performance of duty must exist on both sides, or not at all.

The old New England notion that the word servant was degrading, and that a separate servant's table was a thing not to be thought of, has died out in this meridian long since, and it is well so. But some of our fashionable people are drifting into the opposite extreme, with a much more pernicious result. They are now reaping part of the penalty.

THE DALLAS TREATY IN ENGLAND.

The *Africa* brought intelligence that the British Government has not ratified the amended Dallas Treaty, in consequence of the non-ratification of the British Treaty with Honduras respecting Ruatan. On this an outcry has been got up that England was rejecting the treaty, through Palmerston's insolence, in order to revenge herself on this country for the Enlistment affair. This is nonsense. England could no more ratify the treaty before the Honduras bargain was a *fait accompli* than she could ratify it before it was signed by the plenipotentiaries. The completion of the bargain with Honduras was an essential antecedent to the completion of the bargain with this country, which recited and relied upon it. The United States may depend upon it—the treaty will be ratified, if the least chance of doing so be left to the statesmen who wield power at present in England. Nothing else can be inferred from the unanimous tone of public opinion in England and the broad common sense of the British public.

THE STATE OF MANHATTAN.

A proposal has been made to divide the State of New York into two new States, drawing the line north of the Island of Manhattan, so as to include in the southern division the counties of Westchester, New York, and Richmond, with Long Island. The ground for the proposal is that the metropolitan ideas of the city and its suburbs clash so violently with the rural ideas of the northern part of the State, that a continuance under the same government is certain to produce endless confusion, strife, and conflict between the Judiciary and the Legislature. A convention is proposed to take the matter into serious consideration.

It need hardly be said that the division of a State into two or more States is no new thing. Massachusetts and Virginia have both undergone the operation with manifest gain. Nor can there be doubt but the two States—Manhattan and Orange—which would spring out of the bisection of New York, would be well qualified to take a position among the greatest members of the confederacy. We presume that the population of the State of Manhattan would not be less than 1,500,000, while the State of Orange might contain 2,500,000 souls. The former would become a sort of Venice or Hamburg, on a new and enormously increased scale.

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

All day, from shrubs by our summer dwelling,
The Easter-sparrow repeats his song,
A merry warbler, he chides the blossoms,
The idle blossoms, that sleep so long.

The blue-bird chants, from the elm's long branches,
A hymn to welcome the budding year;
The south-wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, The spring is here!

Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before these lays from the elm have ceased;
The violet breathes by our door as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our door-side queen;
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry prison in maiden's bower;
No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.

Yet these sweet lays of the early season
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows green in the sun are waiting
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.

William C. Bryant.

CHAT.

ON THE MOVE.

We are credibly informed that there are people in this city who have lived all their lives in the same house and have never moved. Of what solid stuff these immovables are made we can not imagine, but we look upon them with something of the wonder and respect with which we should survey the Pyramids. And yet they are deficient in the experience of life, for who ever fully realized the comforts of home until he was forced to move out of them? Besides, a genuine New Yorker must attest the growth of his native or adopted city by making an occasional stride from street to street, square to square, and avenue to avenue, to keep pace with its rapid progress. The true citizen is he who has followed it up perseveringly from Whitehall, State Street, and the Bowling Green, by successive removals to Park Place, Bleecker Street, Bond Street, Waverley Place, Union Square, Madison Square, and Murray Hill, and who is now projecting brown stone fronts for himself and friends on the sunny side of the Central Park.

The first of May has come and gone, and the shock of the annual social earthquake by which it is accompanied is still shaking to their centre thousands of domestic circles. We, who moved last year, pity them; we know how they suffer, what wear and tear of furniture, feelings, and temper, what groping about in unaccustomed halls and pantries, what unaccountable disappearances of door keys, what interminable seasons of scrubbing. But there are consolations. If the move is into a new house, how delightful the freshness of unsullied paint and the rare experience of the bran-new! if into an old house, how comfortable the assurance created by the timbers that are seasoned and the walls that have settled! if into a large house, the new incumbent revels in the domain of space; if into a small house, how he consoles himself with the saving he will make on his carpets!

A new idea is that of moving by moonlight. It saves publicity, and avoids dust. Even a cart-load of kitchen furniture presents a picturesque appearance in the lunar rays, and the vulgarity of the affair is toned down until it almost takes the hue of the romantic.

A better idea is that of being moved by contract. The contractor takes a sight of the old premises, makes himself master of its various positions and bearings, and then applies himself to a reproduction of the same effects in the new. Papa goes down to his business the master of a mansion somewhere about Bleecker, if not below, and rejoins his family at the close of the day in the new *ménage* on Madison Square. He is converted, without knowing it, into an up-town proprietor. The enchanter's wand has been waved over his rosewood, black walnut, and brocatelle, and they stand under the shadow of the new vine and fig-tree just as they did under that of the old. This is moving made easy, and will doubtless be hailed by sensible husbands as the greatest of improvements.

Have you thought, any of you who have groaned during the past week over the inconveniences of moving from one abode of luxury to another, or, rather, of being moved by the army of strong arms and backs pressed into your service—have you thought of the thousands of people to whom the first of May in this city came as a day of doom, pointing inexorably to the door of the garret or basement lodging, and dismissing the wretched tenant to homeless, houseless misery? To have to move from one place to another is troublesome, but when there is no other place to move to—when quarter-day and moving-day bar up one wretched refuge which served instead of home and comfort, without opening another—and the threatening landlord, the unpaid rent, and the notice to quit, come with the bright May morning to darken it with a worse than winter's gloom—this is moving in reality, and the picture is one that might be looked at with profit by the complaining master or mistress of many a new mansion which is being adorned just now with all the elegant appliances of modern luxury and taste.

A BATTLE AMONG THE BOOKS.

Dropping into the Society Library, on Tuesday evening of last week, for the purpose of exercising the inalienable right of a shareholder in voting for fifteen trustees of that venerable institution for the coming year, we found about two hundred gentlemen, forming an assorted representation of the various species from oldest fogyism to youngest America, engaged in a very exciting contest over two rival tickets. The active supporters of each set of candidates exhibited the greatest desire (not entirely inappropriate to the scene of the conflict) to shelve the other, and a spicy canvass, seasoned with a sprinkling of personal feeling, was in progress. The friends of Gulian C. Verplanck and Opposition met in one alcove, under the shadow of old quartos and folios; and the Regulars in another, among the octavos and duodecimos, and mustered their respective adherents with great zeal. The platform of the Verplanck party appeared to consist chiefly of one plank (besides Verplanck), and that was the Librarian, whose right to be made a constituent part of the Board of Trustees, and whose appeal from supposed indignities sustained at the hands of the Library Committee constituted the nucleus of the Opposition. The Old Line Ticket, consisting of the previous incumbents, was, of course, strongly supported on the broad basis of regular nominations. There was a lamentable want of appreciation of the great principle involved in the contest on the part of many of the highly respectables who mounted the staircase and found themselves suddenly assailed by the runners of the rival factions. The emissaries of both parties were out in the Fifteenth Ward drumming up voters. Small boys, who held shares, were sent for, and a grave constitutional question was forthwith raised and argued before the inspectors as to the right of the small boys to vote, decided finally, we believe, against the franchise. We are happy to say that the palladium of the ballot-box was not invaded by any attempts at brute force; there was no stuffing, no shoulder-hitting, and no illegal voting, as far as we could perceive, and at the closing of the polls there seemed to be a very general feeling that the country was safe. The Regulars were victorious on the "clean tickets," but the "Splits" ousted one of their number, and substituted Mr. Verplanck in his place—a sufficient refutation of the charge of the ingratitude of republics, so far, at least, as it relates to the republic of letters.

The friction produced in the body corporate of the Society Library by this little contest ought to have a good effect. Not a few of the voters made their first visit to the Library on the evening of the election; and were surprised to find how much they had been getting for their money without knowing it. A few more contested elections, and the Institution would be galvanized into new life. It is worthy of a greater infusion of vitality, and a few more such spirited battles will enlist recruits in the service. It was rumored that, in the event of the defeat of any one of the candidates on the Regular ticket, the others would resign. This would be an excellent plan, for it would render necessary a new election immediately, and the prospect of a free fight at the polls would hold out rare inducements for new subscribers.

CHURCH'S NIAGARA.

Niagara on canvas! The sparkling, dashing race of the upper Rapids; the rush and sweep of the wide torrent as it nears the brink of the Horseshoe, gathering strength for the final plunge; and the grand fall itself rolling its massive volume of transparent emerald into the abyss! How often have painters toiled to break down the barrier which Nature has set between Niagara and the touch of art, and reproduce all these in form and color, and how often failed! In one sense it can never be painted; the scene has no repose—there is no pause in the incessant movement at which to catch its ever-changing inspiration, and fasten it on the canvas. But Church's picture approaches nearest to such a success; and we anticipate for it not only the high approval of art-critics and connoisseurs, but the genuine admiration of those who will test its truth to nature by their own experience. The picture is at Williams and Stevens's, who are its owners, and who intend sending it to England to be engraved. While it is here, we advise our readers by no means to neglect it. It marks a point in American landscape-painting, and in the history of the Falls is an event as striking as the suspension bridge.

A good story is afloat *apropos* of Lord Napier's approval of this picture. His Lordship saw and admired, and inquired about the artist. "Who is he?" "Mr. Frederick Church." "Ah, Mr. Church," said his Lordship. *"When did he come over?"*

THE MARCY PLATE.—A CORRECTION.

In alluding to the Marcy Testimonial, in *Harper's Weekly* of April 25th, we spoke of it as in process of manufacture by Messrs. Ball, Black, & Co. In this we are informed that we were in error, and that Messrs. Tiffany & Co. are the manufacturers.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Submission to and Centralization of the Papal Power.—From the earliest times the Catholic Church in France has insisted on some degree of liberty and independence as it regards the power of the Pope. This has led to continual conflict, and to the formation of two parties in the Church, the Gallican or liberal party, and the Ultramontane or absolute papal party. This party seems now to be greatly in the ascendant among the French bishops. The most effectual means of this ascendency was, and is, the injunction from the Pope that every Catholic bishop shall appear in Rome every three or four years, either personally or by a representative, to give to the Pope a true account of the state of his diocese, and to renew his promise of obedience and fidelity in the presence of the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul. The influence of these visits over the hearts and minds of the bishops is wonderful. These remarks have been occasioned by noticing, in the foreign papers just arrived, that no less than six French bishops were in Rome giving an account of their portions of the Church severally, and by reading their letters addressed to their clergy, in which they breathe the most unreserved submission to the will of the Pope in all things, and without inquiry. Even the French envoy at Rome, M. de Rayneval, has made an elaborate report to Count Walewski in favor of the necessity, for the peace of the world, that the papal throne shall be securely upheld.

Yani Sana Released.—A few weeks ago we mentioned the banishment of Yani Sana, a rich Greek of Magnesia in Asia Minor, because he had forsaken the Greek Church and become a Protestant. He and two Turks were sent to Gallipoli on the Sea of Marmora. Upon the urgent representations of Lord Stratford de Redcliff, British embassador at Constantinople, the Sultan has restored the exiles to their homes and property in Magnesia. This is a triumph for Protestantism in Turkey.

Rosaries.—Dr. Pusey, says the British *Banner*, of April 2d, has published in England, Rosaries of the Spotless Mother of God, for the use of Churchmen. How such things can be tolerated in the bosom of the Protestant Church of England is a matter of great wonder to us in America.

Signs.—The *Univers*, the great organ of the Ultramontane Church party in France, has been admonished by the Government for its violent language touching the conflict between the Government and the Bishop of Moulins. The admonition was founded on an article in the *Univers* which contained the following passage that indicates the true political view of the Roman Catholic Church:

> Is the ecclesiastical power sovereign and independent, or is it rather, on the contrary, only subordinate and subject to the secular power, in such sort that it pertains to the lay power to assign the limits, revise the acts, and judge the decisions of the ecclesiastical power? If the Catholic Church in France, like the Anglican Church in England, or the Greek Church in Russia, is dependent on, and under the government of, the State, it is evident that one may, and even that one ought, to appeal from the judgment of the Church to that of the State, which alone has the right to decide finally and without appeal, and that his Lordship the Bishop of Moulins has violated this spiritual supremacy of the temporal power; but if, as is acknowledged in all Catholic countries, and as the Church herself teaches, she is sovereign and independent in the order of religion, it is also evident that ecclesiastical decisions can not be revised except by ecclesiastical authority. If a Bishop, an Archbishop, or a Council were to arrogate the right of revising the decisions of our Imperial courts, of declaring them unjust or abusive, would it be thought that such acts contained no attack on the civil power, and did not infringe upon its rights?

Of this controversy between France and the Church, the *Tablet*, the leading Catholic journal of Ireland, says:

> It is the old fight between the world and the Church, between the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ and Cæsarism. One regrets, however, to see the beginning of the end of an Imperial power, which we hoped was wielded by an obedient and devoted son of the Church, and not by a despot who had allied himself momentarily, as a matter of policy, with the only stable power and venerable institution in France which has survived the revolution—a man who it was thought had learned wisdom enough in the school of adversity not to measure his borrowed strength against that august and awful power, before which the throne of his uncle crumbled at the very moment of apparent victory.

But the *Tablet* is doomed to disappointment; for the Council of State has declared the acts of the Bishop of Moulins, in the matter in controversy between him and some of his clergy, to be illegal; and the Emperor, by a decree, has made them null and void. The points in the illegal conduct of the Bishop are:

> 1, That of having exacted from his *curés* a signed renunciation of their right to appeal, in certain cases, to the civil power; 2, Of having pronounced excommunication, *ipso facto*, against all who might appeal to the secular power; and, 3, Of having held a Chapter in the Cathedral of Moulins without the intervention of the civil authorities.

It is not yet certain whereunto this quarrel will lead. It has already drawn into its eddies the subject of Protestant schools, of which the *Univers* says:

> Behold, in the most populous and most Catholic quarter of Paris, a school like a palace, and this school is a Protestant one! And such is the independence of the civil power, that it is given to this power to people this Protestant school with four or five hundred Catholic children.

The Jesuits and the Brothers.—Heretofore the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine have had the chief direction of the instruction of the youth in the States of the Church; but the Jesuits have succeeded in supplanting them. A recent decree of the Government closes the colleges of the Brothers in the States of the Church, and gives education wholly into the hands of the Jesuits.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE PARSON AND THE PLAYERS.

A learned and highly respectable clergyman has taken the players by the hand. He has benignantly flung them the end of his cassock, with which he means to lead them into better ways. He has washed the faces of the poor little sinners, and, with a gentle slap on the cheek, told them to go away and play, but to be careful not to dirty their new clothes. Some of the poor little sinners appear to be quite delighted with this ecclesiastical buffet. The Reverend gentleman has informed them that he means to raise their social condition—thereby implying that they were previously degraded—and the small fry of the theatres are immensely delighted at this prospect of immediate free passes into the fashionable world. Deadheads at all Fifth Avenue balls immediately they fancy themselves. Visions of costly suppers, superior to the continual wooden fowl and earthen *paté* of the stage, float before their mind's-eye, and they look forward to the real Champagne of Mr. Potiphar's parties as a pleasing contrast to the effervescing soda tippled from pasteboard goblets, to which their festivities are accustomed.

Yet a rather pregnant fact, in connection with the missionary efforts of the Reverend orator, is, that the great actors—of which we can boast but a few—do not caper before his Reverence and thank him for his ecclesiastical condescension. He has not succeeded in ranking Wallack among his satellites as yet. Mr. Wallack knows his position far too well to be there. His genius has entitled him to a rank in society quite equal to any which the gentleman can afford him, and he is content. The fact is, that our worthy friend has been preaching to and proselytizing supernumeraries.

It is unhappily true that a great number of the persons connected with the stage conduct themselves so as to be inadmissible in society. Any man familiar with theatres must know the laxity of moral principle which permeates the mysterious region behind the scenes. Flirtations far too undisguised, jesting liberties of embrace, equivocal language, are indulged in by too many of the members of the profession. All this I have heard the most prominent actors among us acknowledge with some grief. To all this though, I am happy to say, I know many exceptions in members of the profession of both sexes. The Reverend gentleman, in his holy zeal, has made the mistake of supposing this laxity of principle to be the natural result of the stage as it exists at present. It is, in reality, the result of a variety of circumstances. The proclivity of men and women in all positions leads, as a general rule, to partial demoralization of the theatrical profession; it is unhappily true that the female members seldom adopt it until they have made a false step. When a woman errs, and is cut by society, she generally conceives that she has got a talent for the stage. It is not natural to expect that the presence of such women will conduce to the morality of any establishment. But there is no logical reason why a man's wearing tights, and playing Romeo, or a woman's coming through a trap, and being called Asmodeus, should make him or her immoral. Therefore our Reverend reformer is half right and wholly wrong. Right, in saying that the stage, dealt with in the abstract, is not immoral; very wrong in believing that he can disperse the shadows that cling around it at present.

The reform of the stage lies with actors, not with clergymen. Pulpit oratory can not destroy either the indecencies of Shakspeare or the *liaisons* of the stage. The reformation which our moralist flatters himself he has commenced has been already undertaken by eminent dramatic artists. Mr. Macready and Mr. Kean and his wife have afforded examples of stage talent, without stage degradation.

The pendant to all this is sufficiently curious. Stimulated by this effort in behalf of the sons of Thespis, Behemoth—the heaviest light comedian in the world—has, from an inspiration of gratitude, undertaken the reformation of clergymen. Behemoth is a man of great weight in his profession, and is well calculated to exercise an influence over its members. He is large and imposing, and is celebrated for certain comic developments of person which please the masses. Behemoth, therefore, has conceived the idea of teaching clergymen their duties, and, on a certain evening in last week, lectured before a large and attentive audience in the Stag Saloon. He said that clergymen, as a general rule, condemned the stage; but he inquired why they permitted portions of such an opera as La Traviata to be played on their church organs during service?

Notwithstanding all this he, Behemoth, looked on clergymen as a very useful institution, and he was determined to use his best efforts for their reformation. If they would only come a little oftener to the theatre, he thought that they would be not alone amused but instructed. A study of the manners of the stage would infuse into them a little of that fashionable elegance of demeanor in which they were too often deficient, and with this additional attraction the young clergyman would find himself more than ever the object of the solicitude of all the young ladies of his congregation. Behemoth concluded by proposing that all the clergymen of New York should be put on the free list of each of the theatres, which suggestion was hailed with the loudest applause.

A BITER BIT.

I learned the other day, with great surprise, that the Duke di Fatamorgana, a well-known Italian nobleman here, had disgraced his ancestry by going into the cigar and liquor business. Liquor dealing seems to be the only resource of impoverished greatness in this country. When Hungary let loose its flood of fugitive heroes upon us, they all went into the liquor business. I recollect once going into a bar-room because I heard it was kept by a distinguished Hungarian patriot. I found the proprietor serving out lager bier and cutting sausages in his shirt-sleeves, while his wife was playing dominoes with a lot of greasy Jews. Yet she was a Countess, and her husband a Count and a hero.

The Duke di Fatamorgana has distinguished himself more on the board of green cloth than on the field of battle. His victories have been won with trays and aces, and his victims have only bled by that artery, which it is so hard to tie up, called the pocket. With his inseparable companion, the Count Bienaimé, the Duke contrived to make a tolerable living out of his friends.

When young Lord Timon was over here—he was *attaché* to the English embassy, and is the son of the Earl of Comus—the Duke let him in for a handsome sum, so that he had to write over to old Comus to say that he had been sued for a case of breach of promise by a lady that he handed out of an omnibus—which act, he informed his father, constituted a declaration, according to American law—and had been cast in damages of a thousand pounds, which he must pay instantly. The old earl, of course, sent the money, and made a speech in the House of Peers shortly after, commenting on the barbarity of American customs.

Well, Lord Timon determined to take his revenge on Fatamorgana and Bienaimé, for he had discovered that they had an unpleasant facility of turning the king at critical points of the game. So what does he do but send over to London and import by the next steamer two of the most distinguished *chevaliers d'industrie* in London. He introduces them to Fatamorgana and his friend as two immensely rich Englishmen, who are about to proceed on a hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains. The Duke and Bienaimé rub their hands with delight. Here is game worthy of their skill. The Duke gives a supper, to which the illustrious strangers are invited. Cards are proposed. The Englishmen consent rather reluctantly to play. The stakes are low at first, and the Englishmen win. The Duke gets exasperated at his ill-luck, and desperately proposes higher stakes. The Englishmen again assent. This time also the Duke loses, but his ill-temper is no longer feigned. He finds all his plans defeated. If he turns the king one deal, the Englishman has it in his hand the next along with the queen, knave, ten, and ace. The Duke and Bienaimé bring all their skill to bear, but in vain; and in the light of early dawn, the Englishmen, cool as a pair of water melons, rise from the table after having cleaned the Duke and his friend out of every cent they had in the world, besides holding a large amount of their due bills. The expedition to the Rocky Mountains appeared to be suddenly given up, for the pair went back to England in the next steamer with five or six thousand dollars in their pockets; but before they went, they gave Lord Timon all the Duke's paper. I promise you that nobleman was glad enough when that young scamp was appointed minister to the Court of Likkenspittel in Pomerania, for while he remained in this country he was always flourishing those unpaid notes under the Duke's noble nose.

OF THE BUNKUM HOUSE.

The Bunkum House is in a ferment ever since the publication of my article on hotel-keepers. The princely proprietor has had no rest since that time. If a guest is at all exasperated, out comes a copy of *Harper's Weekly* from his pocket, and the "Man about Town" is read aloud for the benefit of the office. The princely proprietor chafes in vain. He eats no longer with his accustomed appetite, and the jolly dinners in Room 5000 are discontinued. I am afraid I must have touched some vital spot.

The princely proprietor has, I regret to say, betrayed very recently symptoms of excitement of mind. He appeared the other evening at the public dinner-table in the full uniform of a Commodore of the navy. He looked like a pin-cushion stuck full of gilt shawl-pins, so profuse were his buttons, and walked up the room as if it had been a quarter-deck. He called the waiters "lubbers," and kept constantly asking for grog during dinner. His entire conversation was nautical. He spoke of his hotel as the best craft afloat; and when a gentleman asked him for a room, he answered that he might have the berth number 350. He has adopted all the profanity of the naval profession, and shivers his timbers and anathematizes his eyes all day long. His family are in the greatest distress, for the poor man really fancies himself a Commodore in command of a ship of war. He has turned his wife out of his rooms, because he says it's against the rules of the service to have women on board a man-of-war; and he ordered a court-martial on an insubordinate waiter the same day. He calls his book-keeper Lieutenant, and the other clerks are Middies. He has hoisted a flag at what he calls the mast-head, and vows that if during a cruise he can fall in with that pirate, the *Waffle*—this is a rival hotel—he will blow her out of the water. What the end of all this will be I can form no idea. I hope that my article has not led to such a melancholy result.

Θ Δ Χ.

During the last week the Fraternity of Theta Delta Chi held their annual exercises. Mr. Teft, the orator of the occasion, delivered an eloquent address, which was followed by an exceedingly humorous poem by Mr. John Brougham. The Theta Delta Chi Fraternity is one of the largest and most influential of the collegiate societies in America. It numbers among its members graduates of several European universities; and it is not improbable that, before long, chapters of the society will be established in England and Ireland. Collegiate societies such as this have taken their rise in Germany, but there they were usually inseparable from political bias. Here they are intended simply to promote an exalted feeling of friendly brotherhood, and as such are worthy of support.

THE MAGNETIC BATTERY.

She loved him! Ten thousand devils, she loved him! When, one calm evening, on the quiet beach, underneath the stars, underneath the holy heavens, with the voluptuous atmosphere of the Indian summer falling over land and sea, when at that deep and magical hour I had related my passion and my agonies, I discovered that she loved him! With a trembling voice and a beating heart I told her all. Told her that for twelve long months I had lived upon her breath. That my soul had shot forth its tenderest fibres beneath the sunshine of her eyes, hoping to cling to her forever. That at my deepest hours of study her form had danced between me and the page. That love was making me mad; that I must possess her or die!

A curse upon your calm and reasonable beauty! With a face divine enough to madden angels, her reason has no tincture of the passion that flashes in her eyes. She whose lightest touch will make a man shiver through every vein; whose breath, perfumed and warm, has yet the secret charm to raise a storm in the blood; the rustling of whose robe echoes with sharp thrills through every vault of the heart; such a one will coolly argue on the proprieties of love, or the probabilities of happiness. Will cut down your hopes, tropical in their growth, with a trenchant and infernal logic, and drench the gold from off your painted Future with a cataract of sense!

She reasoned with me. Reason! it was like pouring oil upon a raging fire, or dosing a maniac with cantharides. She thought that our natures were incompatible. That I was too fiery and uncontrollable to be mated with one whose happiness was peace. She bade me love again; seek some other woman whose broader nature and more energetic spirit might receive and balance mine.

I taxed her furiously with loving another. I swore to spill his blood—to die, dying with him; in short, I know not to what lengths of extravagance my frenzy carried me. She made me haughty answer. She crushed me with her icy tones, her well-bred deportment. She made no secret of her love. She was engaged to Clinton Knowles, and would, please God, be married to him next spring. Then, with a wintry bow, and a contemptuous glance, she swept by me, and left me standing like some cold rock rooted in the lonely sand.

Despite the cool contempt with which I found my love for Anita Brent hurled back in my face, I could not school myself to hate her, or even calm my turbulent heart down into a calm indifference. My rage, powerless against her whom I yet worshiped, turned fiercely, as it were, for some less sacred object on which to glut its vengeance, and naturally enough concentrated all its fury on my rival, Clinton Knowles. On him I swore a deep and deadly revenge. Henceforth I would devote all the energies of my mind to accomplishing his destruction. I would reach him, if it were in the arms of his bride.

By a curious idiosyncracy of my nature I had always been prone to speculate on the means usually adopted in the commission of murders. Whenever the evidence relating to an assassination appeared in the public prints, it was my habit to amuse myself by imagining certain processes by which I could have successfully accomplished the crime without leaving any trace. I reviewed all the ordinary means of murder—poison, stabbing, suffocation. All were faulty and incomplete. Each was certain to have a train of circumstances accompanying it which, if followed carefully, led eventually to the very root of the crime. The object of my ambition was to discover a means by which it was possible to take a man's life, and yet leave not the remotest possibility of a legal responsibility for the murderer. I conceived such a plan—a plan devilish and subtle, and defying investigation—and this terrible means I now formed the determination of employing against my rival.

I had much reputation in New York as a scientific man. I occupied the post of professor of physics in one of our principal colleges, but it was to my researches into the nature and power of electricity that I owed my chief fame. To me there was something inexpressibly fascinating in hunting out the secrets of this strange and omnipresent fluid. There was something wondrously sublime in holding the key of a power awful, swift, irresistible, mysterious, as the will of an infernal deity. To strengthen and develop, through different species of batteries, those tremendous currents whose noiseless strength was capable of rending mountains asunder, was to me an active delight. I found a thousand novel metallic combinations, each more powerful than the other. I constructed batteries, the united poles of which fused the finest gold as rapidly as if it were so much lead. I developed a heat so limitless that at its touch the hardest diamond crumbled calcined into ashes. I said to myself exultingly, as I united the poles of this tremendous machine, "Now I hold indeed the power of life and death."

In accordance with the plan I had marked out, I no longer sought Anita Brent. I seemed to bear meekly my contemptuous rejection, and when we met, I bowed humbly to her, and seemed, like a martyr, to accept my cross in silence. She was, doubtless, completely deceived. She thought me one of those meek creatures who bear with patience the destruction of their blighted hopes—a man like Robert Bruce's spider, who sees his woof broken with a calm heart, and sets himself to work to build another. But she did not know me. She did not know that love such as mine spins but one thread in a lifetime, and, that destroyed, spins no more.

Clinton Knowles had been a class-mate of mine at college. He was a fine, joyous fellow—the very antithesis of my gloomy and secretive nature. At the university we had been excellent friends, and in the world, when we afterward met, our meetings were cordial ones. He was entirely unsuspicious of my having been his rival. Anita was one of those rarely honorable women, who would die sooner than disclose her conquests to any one; and my love had been so undemonstrative in public, that no one save Anita knew of its existence.

I suddenly renewed my old intimacy with Clinton. He came often to my chambers, and smoked and chatted over old times. Sometimes he spoke to me of his approaching marriage; painted to me all the happiness to which he looked forward in the future; dreamed audible dreams to me of love and wedded joys, and all those golden anticipations which *I* never could realize. I have often wondered since at my self-control. I have often wondered, while he thus unconsciously rent my heart day after day, that nature did not trample on philosophy and urge me to his instant destruction. More than once I found my fingers convulsively clasping knives that lay near me, or my eyes seeking the weapons that hung over the mantle-piece. I wonder now at my self-control, but feel convinced that nothing would have restrained me if it were not the conviction that at last he would surely be mine.

I soon got Clinton into the habit of coming frequently to my chambers. This was not difficult, for he was essentially gregarious in his habits; and, next to talking of Anita, it was his greatest pleasure to watch the progress of my experiments. My rooms were a laboratory, full of strange-looking instruments—magnetic batteries, common electrical machines, voltaic piles, in short, all those varied instruments for which the experimental electrician finds a use. Clinton remembered just enough of his college course of physics to follow my experiments with interest. I was just then pursuing some researches upon the applicability of electro-magnetism as a motive power, and Clinton was almost daily with me. The time approached.

Every thing was arranged. My plan was complete, and nothing now remained but to put it into execution. I have spoken before of the powerful electro-magnetic battery which I had constructed on a principle entirely my own. This battery, although of comparatively small size, was of intense power, and its ordinary force could be further increased by an application of a zinc cylinder on a principle invented by myself. This battery, when at the height of its power, was capable of the most astonishing effects. A shock from it, directed through the vertebra of an elephant, would have killed the animal as instantaneously as thought. It was by this battery that I determined that Clinton Knowles should die; but, true to my theory of murder, I determined that the fact of his death being premeditated should remain a secret to all save myself and that ever-open Eye which there is no blinding. How short-sighted was I, with all my devilish penetration, compared with that divine glance which so infallibly pierces the future! While I blindly planned, God was looking on the end—an end that to me was wholly terrible and unexpected.

My plan was simply this: I made an appointment with Clinton Knowles to meet me at my rooms at a certain hour, to witness a new experiment which I was to repeat on the action of the electrical fluid on the nervous system of animals. Half an hour before the time came, I set my battery in motion. One of the wires attached to the battery I had conducted along the floor, insulating it by coating it with gutta percha, leaving, however, its naked end coiled on a certain spot close to the table. This naked end was insulated from the floor by means of a thin sheet of gutta percha spread all over that portion on which the table stood. The other wire was likewise coated with gutta percha almost to its tip, and this I had conducted through the table in such a manner that its point came out close to the edge of the leaf. To this point I attached, by means of a finer wire—so fine as to be almost invisible—a letter, which I addressed, in large characters, to Anita Brent. All that was wanting now to complete the circuit between the poles of the battery was that some one, standing on the wire coiled under the table, should touch this letter. That done, a shock powerful enough to kill a hundred men would traverse his body, and instantly paralyze life. Now it was so arranged that no one touching the letter could avoid standing on the line which was coiled underneath the table, and I knew enough of human nature to know that the instant Clinton Knowles came into my room, not finding me there, he would go to the table. Once at the table, he would see the letter. A natural surprise at seeing a letter addressed in my handwriting to his *fiancée* would induce him to take it up. The instant his fingers touched it, the deadly fluid would sweep through his frame and leave him a corpse. Such was my plan, diabolically ingenious it is true—but, oh! how was it carried out?

After preparing every thing, I left my room, closed the door, and left orders with the porter that if Mr. Clinton Knowles called he was to walk up stairs and wait for me. No one could accuse me of killing him. I was out when he called. He went up to my laboratory, foolishly meddled with some of my instruments, and, by his death, paid the penalty of his want of caution. A more perfect plan could not have been conceived.

After spending three-quarters of an hour walking here and there in a state of agonizing suspense, and talking to as many friends as I could, in order that afterward they would be able to prove my absence from home, I proceeded, in company with one of my pupils, to my lodgings. I brought him because I thought a witness was necessary. Meantime, my imagination reveled in the scene of vengeance which I expected to greet my return. I pictured my rival lying stark and stiff on the floor, with his features horribly convulsed by that moment of instant annihilation. What was my horror, on turning the corner of the street, to meet Clinton Knowles hurrying in the same direction as myself.

"Never mind," I muttered. "Another time—another time."

"I am late, I fear," said he, as we met.

"You see," I answered, "I am only just returning."

"I don't mean that," he said. "I should not mind breaking an appointment with you. But I promised to go to the Dusseldorf Gallery with Anita, and I told her to call for me at your rooms. I fear she may be waiting for me there now."

"What!" I stammered, almost paralyzed—"Anita at my rooms! O God! let us hasten there—we may yet be in time!"

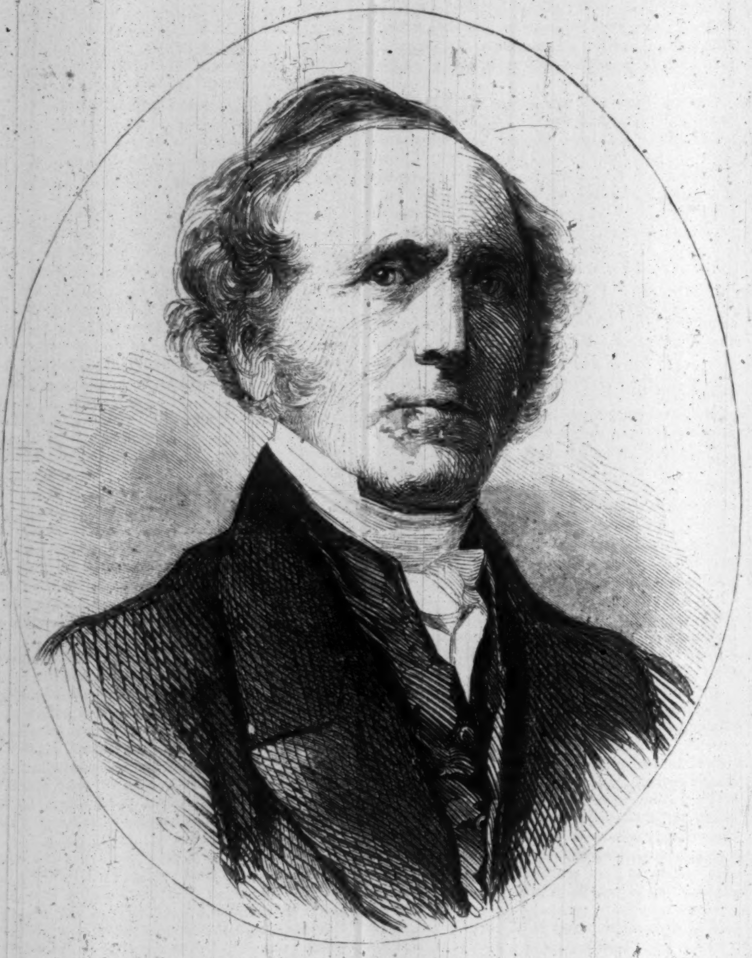
"What ails you?" cried Clinton, seizing my arm. "You look like a madman!"

I made no reply; but shaking off his hand, I bounded down the street like a deer.

"Has any one called?" I shouted to the astonished porter as he opened the door.

"Yes, Sir; a lady. She is waiting up stairs."

I groaned. It was, then, all over. She would see the letter—she would touch the fatal wire—and I was the assassin of all I loved in this world! I rushed up stairs, burst the door open, and— There she lay! stretched in her white dress on the floor, with a calm, pale face, and outstretched, listless arms, as if she had lain down to sleep. Even in that moment of mortal agony the instinct self-preservative asserted itself, and I seized the letter and concealed it before Clinton arrived. Then I suppose I fainted, for I remember no more.



GARDINER SPRING, D.D.

THE OLD BRICK CHURCH AND ITS PASTOR.

THE old Brick Church! Who has not heard of it? Far-off thousands cherish its name as a household word. Its history carries us back to the early growth of the Presbyterian Church in this city. It has retained its place from the time when it was the pioneer of Christian colonization, till the upward tide of population left it almost the solitary monument of Christian worship in a neighborhood given up to commerce and mammon. Wonderful and precious associations cluster about its memory. Thrilling recollections of other days spring up in many a heart in connection with its name. What a roll of saintly names have graced its records! Where is the distinguished veteran of the Presbyterian or Congregational pulpit who has not at some time or other been welcomed by its venerable pastor to its sacred desk? What voices now mingling with the heavenly chorus have not echoed within its walls! What holy thoughts and noble schemes of Christian philanthropy have been born there! As our eyes linger on the fast-vanishing fragments of the consecrated pile they almost fill with tears, as at the memory of a departed friend.

Parting sunders many a tie,
  All unknown before;
What a beauty clothes these scenes
  Never yet they wore.

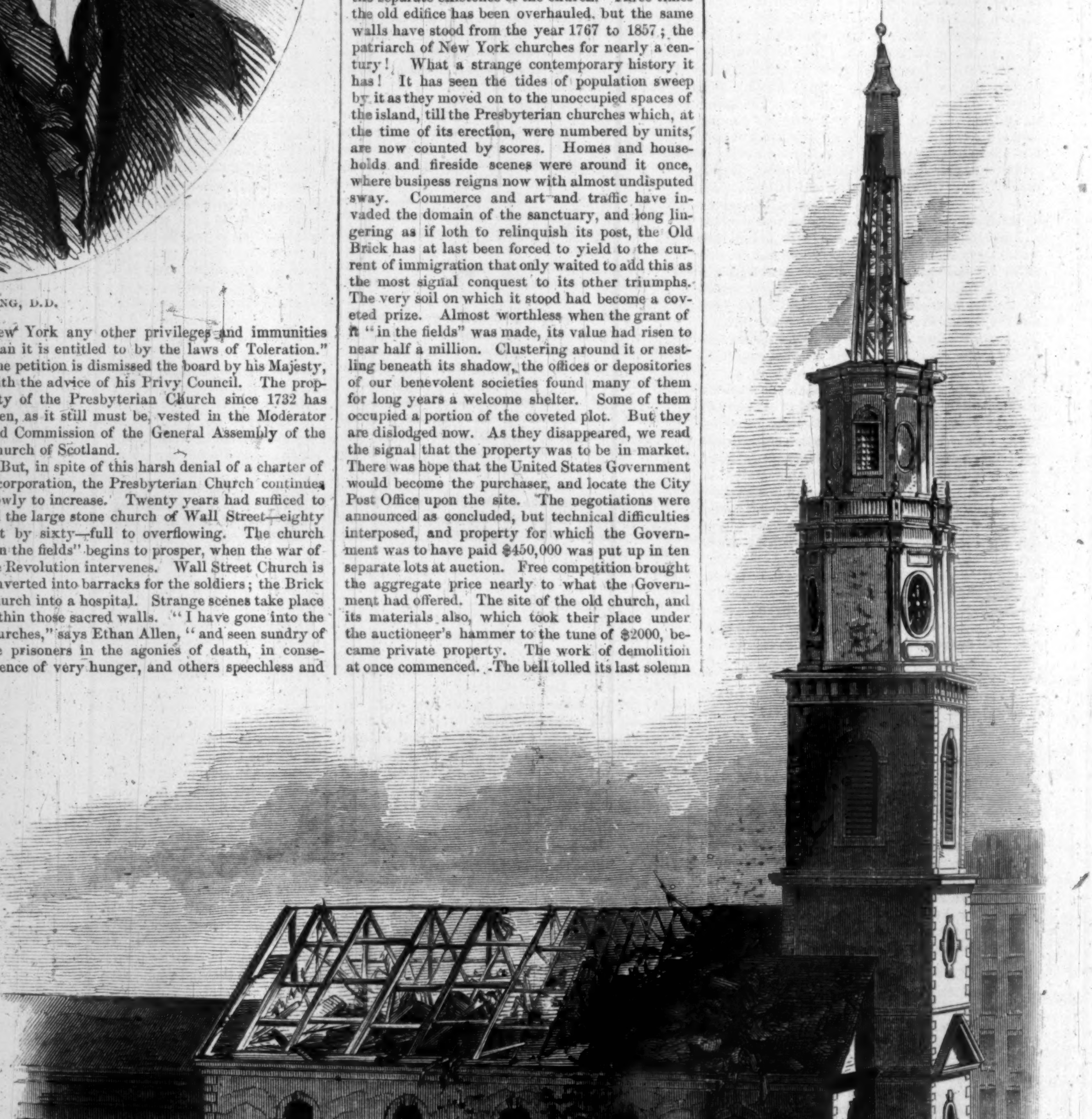
Let us go back just ninety years, to the time when its corner-stone was laid. The Corporation of the city have granted the congregation ground for a church "in the fields," quite "out of town." They are a branch of the Wall Street Church, and considered as one with them yet—and so to continue as a collegiate church for some forty years. John Rodgers and Joseph Treat are the only Presbyterian pastors in the city. The new enterprise is a great effort. Living men could remember how, more than fifty years before, Rev. Mr. M'Kennie had to pay £83 costs to be released from the prison to which Lord Cornbury consigned him for preaching without license. A few years later (1729), the Governor's council advised him against granting the petition of the Wall Street congregation "on Stoutenburg's garden" for a charter of incorporation. "We do advise and desire your Excellency," they said, "to transmit to the Right Honorable the Lords of Trade and Plantations a coppy of the same Petition and the proceedings thereupon, desiring their Lordships to obtain the opinion of his Majesties learned Council on the subject matter of said Petition, and to transmit the same to your Excellency." What those proceedings were, they state themselves. "We have heard council in behalf of the Petitioners, and council in behalf of Rector and Churchwardens of Trinity Church against the Petition." Long years had intervened, and still as the corner-stone of the Brick Church is laid "in the fields," this commonest right of civil justice is not done them. As the walls go up, anxiously do they wait to hear from across the Atlantic an answer to their repeated petition signed by "John Rodgers, V.D.M., and Joseph Treat, V.D.M., for themselves and the rest of the petitioners." Late in the autumn the ship arrives that brings them intelligence from the Court of St. James, whither their document has been transmitted. With the opening of the new year, they will enter upon worship in the new sanctuary. But alas! "it is not expedient, upon principles of general policy, to comply with the prayer of the Petition, or to give the Presbyterian Church of New York any other privileges and immunities than it is entitled to by the laws of Toleration." The petition is dismissed the board by his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council. The property of the Presbyterian Church since 1732 has been, as it still must be, vested in the Moderator and Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

But, in spite of this harsh denial of a charter of incorporation, the Presbyterian Church continues slowly to increase. Twenty years had sufficed to fill the large stone church of Wall Street—eighty feet by sixty—full to overflowing. The church "in the fields" begins to prosper, when the war of the Revolution intervenes. Wall Street Church is converted into barracks for the soldiers; the Brick Church into a hospital. Strange scenes take place within those sacred walls. "I have gone into the churches," says Ethan Allen, "and seen sundry of the prisoners in the agonies of death, in consequence of very hunger, and others speechless and near death, biting pieces of chips; others pleading for God's sake for something to eat, and at the same time shivering with cold. Hollow groans saluted my ears, and despair seemed to be imprinted on every one of their countenances. The filth of these churches . . . was almost beyond description. . . . . I have seen in one of them seven dead, at the same time, lying among the excrements of their bodies."

Repeatedly does he speak of the "filthy churches."

At length the scene changes. War and its horrors disappear. The scattered congregations reassemble in their long desecrated churches. James Wilson and John M'Knight are successively installed collegiate pastors with Dr. Rodgers. In 1793, Samuel Miller completes the triumvirate of the Pastorate. Meanwhile, almost contemporary with the old Brick Church, arose the first Associate Reformed Church of Cedar Street, so long associated with the name of Dr. John Mason and his more illustrious son. The city was extending far toward the northeast, and in 1798 the Rutger's Street Church was opened for worship. This, with the old Brick and Wall Street churches till April, 1809, composed but one collegiate charge. In an orderly manner they were then separated by the action of Presbytery, and their history thenceforth becomes distinct. At the suggestion of Dr. Rodgers, already far advanced in years, the old Brick Church was led to seek further ministerial aid. In June, 1810, the Church called as their pastor the Rev. Gardiner Spring, whose pastorate still continues, and thus covers nearly the whole period of the separate existence of the church. Three times the old edifice has been overhauled, but the same walls have stood from the year 1767 to 1857; the patriarch of New York churches for nearly a century! What a strange contemporary history it has! It has seen the tides of population sweep by it as they moved on to the unoccupied spaces of the island, till the Presbyterian churches which, at the time of its erection, were numbered by units, are now counted by scores. Homes and households and fireside scenes were around it once, where business reigns now with almost undisputed sway. Commerce and art and traffic have invaded the domain of the sanctuary, and long lingering as if loth to relinquish its post, the Old Brick has at last been forced to yield to the current of immigration that only waited to add this as the most signal conquest to its other triumphs. The very soil on which it stood had become a coveted prize. Almost worthless when the grant of it "in the fields" was made, its value had risen to near half a million. Clustering around it or nestling beneath its shadow, the offices or depositories of our benevolent societies found many of them for long years a welcome shelter. Some of them occupied a portion of the coveted plot. But they are dislodged now. As they disappeared, we read the signal that the property was to be in market. There was hope that the United States Government would become the purchaser, and locate the City Post Office upon the site. The negotiations were announced as concluded, but technical difficulties interposed, and property for which the Government was to have paid $450,000 was put up in ten separate lots at auction. Free competition brought the aggregate price nearly to what the Government had offered. The site of the old church, and its materials also, which took their place under the auctioneer's hammer to the tune of $2000, became private property. The work of demolition at once commenced. The bell tolled its last solemn strain. The venerable roof that had so long sheltered worshiping assemblies was stripped of its shingles. The spire that had long pointed like a finger to the heavens had soon nothing to show but its bare desolate rafters. The blinds, the seats, the sacred desk, were borne out into the street exposed for sale, while around the vanishing wreck, within whose walls lessons of truth and duty had been so often taught, wandering street urchins took, perhaps, their first lessons in *nabbing* what did not belong to them. Already the coming change had been foreshadowed by the widening of the street, trenching on the sacred domain, and the rude removal of the dead from the neighboring vaults where they had so long slept unmolested, under the shadow of the temple where they had so long worshiped. And now the work of excavation goes on. The cartman is busy bearing off the earth to lay deep the fouudations of other walls and other vaults, when the tread of the living and the piles of commerce shall leave no trace of their predecessors. But "The Old Brick Church" will still have a history when these in their turn have vanished. It can not—it will not—be forgotten. Its memory and its influence will survive in ten thousand hearts. Its memorials are scattered over the globe and its record is on high.

We give a sketch of the venerable pile, as it appeared a few days after the work of demolition had been commenced. We give also a portrait of the pastor, on whom the work of demolition has not yet been commenced. His bow abides in strength;



THE OLD BRICK CHURCH.

and though his eyes are dimmed, his natural force is not abated. He preaches twice on the Sabbath day, and once in the week time, with the same ardor and acceptableness that marked his early years. There is no one of the men near him now who welcomed him here half a century ago. They are in a better world, while he lives to make this better, "To point to Heaven and lead the way."

Gardiner Spring was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, February 24, 1785, and is, therefore, now a little more than *seventy-two* years of age. His mother was of the lineage of President Edwards, and that is reckoned among the best of clerical blood. In the year 1805 he was graduated with the highest honors in Yale College, and entering upon the study of law under Chief Justice Daggett, he was admitted to the bar in 1808. The most brilliant prospects opened before him. With an ardor of spirit that would not rest without rising and shining, he united the most finished classical and legal education, while his talents already attracted the marked attention of the eminent men who at that time adorned the bar of the State. But, happily for the Church that now honors him among her fathers and teachers, he listened to a sermon—a noted sermon by the great Dr. Mason—on the text, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." The young lawyer saw the work of the ministry in a new and commanding light. He felt a constraint that no reasoning nor persuasion of expecting friends could remove, and after deliberate investigation of the subject, he determined to lay aside the profession of law and take that of the Gospel. With his wife, for he was now a married man, he went to Andover, studied theology there, was licensed to preach, and while passing through this city on a journey to Philadelphia, he was asked to preach on a Friday evening in Cedar Street. This led to his being requested to preach on the Sabbath in the Brick Church. At the close of the morning service the elders met and had notice prepared, which was published in the afternoon, calling the congregation together the next day, when a unanimous call was given to him to become pastor of that congregation. At that very moment he had invitations to settle in Andover, Boston, and New Haven; but he chose to set up his standard here, where he was ordained August 8, 1810. The churches, and colleges, and seminaries of the land have repeatedly *called* him, but in vain. He has stood like a pillar of fire in the midst of this great city, a tower of strength in the times that have tried men's faith, and patience, and principle; the patron and friend of Christian benevolence; the wise and prudent counselor of the young and old; the example of holy living and patient continuance in well doing, while change and decay have been going on around him. He has buried more than one generation. He has preached more than seven thousand sermons! He has made full proof of his *ministry!*

About two years ago he was threatened with blindness. For many long and weary months he was in darkness. A skillful operation removed the *cataract*, and he now reads and writes with ease, and bids fair to continue long the pastor of the flock that he came to in his youth—his first, his only, his beloved charge. The congregation have bought lots on 5th Avenue and 37th Street, where they are now erecting a magnificent house, into which it is hoped the venerable pastor will lead them with songs of praise.

His presence is still cherished among a devoted people, and children listen to the teachings of those lips which first pronounced their father's name. Appropriate, indeed, it seems, in the wise ordering of Providence, that the pastor of the Old Brick Church should linger yet as a patriarch among those around him, as the edifice in which he taught has lingered long as a patriarch among the churches. His memory carries us back to a period too much forgotten now, and through him we feel that we can almost take those venerable men, Rodgers, and Miller, and Mason by the hand, and feel for a moment that their presence is still among us. Long may he still remain, with form unbowed, a precious link that unites us to the treasures and sympathies of the past! Nor can we forbear, as the venerable form, still in the mind's eye, seems to linger before us in the pulpit from which his words, in gentle and winning tones, have fallen on our ear, to add:

> "Yet one prayer we proffer still,
> Grant it ere we go,
> Gently deal with one whose eye
> Rests kindly on us now.
> Blessings on that parent heart!
> Heaven's own peace be still its part,
> Grief, and pain, and sorrow dim,
> Time, O spare to him."

PARIS GOSSIP.

THE PARIS ROTHSCHILD.

The late marriage in the Rothschild family has brought the individuals composing the great Jew banking-firm very prominently before the public. The public prints are discussing their characters as men; and, I notice, give the Parisian Rothschild a better name than is granted to either of the others. "Charity," it is written, "covereth a multitude of sins." I know little of the private peccadilloes of the Parisian partner, but all seem to be hidden by the well-deserved character for generosity and kind-heartedness which he bears. "He is more generous than the Vienna brother, and far less purse-proud than he who resides in England," says a recent historian of the family.

And, indeed, the matter of benevolence is carried to an extent in the Paris *comptoir* of the Rothschilds which is probably unprecedented. Three clerks are employed at no other business than reading, classing, and examining into the numerous applications for pecuniary aid which almost every day brings to the wealthy banking-house.

A queer insight into human nature do these clerks get. A curious volume could be compiled from extracts from this correspondence.

BEGGING LETTERS.

There is a class of letters which begin in this set phrase:

"With the blush of shame upon my brow, I write to implore," and so on.

Another beginning:

"M. le Baron,—Upon your answer to this note it depends whether I shall put a period to an existence whose accumulated ills have become," etc., etc.

There is a class of letters—and a very large class—applications for pecuniary aid from merchants whose affairs are in a threatening condition. These, where found worthy, are often aided. Only last October, a young merchant of Toulouse wrote to ask for 20,000 francs, to square his accounts and save his credit. He was told to submit his books to the firm of Rothschilds. They were found well kept, and James sent him the money, with these brief words:

"The books are in order. We have compassion for you, sinner! But no more speculations."

A fourth class comprises poor women nigh confinement. These receive immediate and sufficient help. A fifth consists of applications from bankrupt nobles, who reside at their ruined *chateaux*, and have no credit with those who know them. These beg earnestly for "a loan of —— thousand francs for an emergency. But I desire that the countess, my wife, may be kept in ignorance of your kindness."

A FEMALE WITH A TURN FOR SPECULATION.

Then there is a sixth class—applications, which run in some such fashion as this: "M. le Baron,—My vanity has led me into unseemly expenses. I am indebted to various persons—jewelers, milliners, etc.—to the amount of 15,000 francs. I dare not tell my husband of my embarrassment. It would break his honest heart. I am asked to injure him yet further; or, refusing, am threatened with exposure. I am young, beautiful, repentant, and love my husband. Save, M. le Baron, by your generosity, the peace of a family and the virtue of Yours despairingly,

"——."

This note came from Bordeaux. The matter was put into the hands of a secret agent resident there, to examine into; with orders to aid, if necessary, the angel so near her fall. A thorough examination brings to light the fact that the writer is not either young, beautiful, extravagant, or in necessitous circumstances. She is living in a simple but comfortable way; but evidently had a latent talent for speculation.

And finally, there are requests preferred in a manner which would send their author, if discovered, to the galleys. These come in the form of forged checks. But lately, a gentleman of some fame in Paris, a political writer, tried this plan of raising the wind. The check, for 3000 francs, was discovered to be fraudulent by one of the cashiers, but was cashed by James Rothschild himself. One hour thereafter the guilty man came to the banker with the 3000 francs, praying for forgiveness and concealment. The Baron said not a word, took the money, and pointed to the door—through which the gentlemanly forger speedily vanished.

AN EXPLOSIVE PROPOSITION.

To step at once from great to small—here is a story of Dumas, *fils*, which shows how very different he is, in at least one respect, from his father. While getting up his last play, the *Question D'Argent*, he found it necessary to deny himself to all company, and refuse, for a time, all invitations abroad. To this rule he made but one exception. This was in favor of an elderly lady, a good friend, who induced him to promise her an evening, assuring him, at the same time, that he would meet only a few discreet friends, who would not attempt to lionize him, nor bore him with impertinent questions.

The ambitious woman, meantime, having his promise, caused it to be whispered about, in her circle, that Dumas would be at her house, and would probably regale the company with portions of his new play. By this means she filled her parlors with just such people as she felt ambitious to see at her house.

Dumas came late. The company being already assembled, expectant of him, they immediately adjourned to the dinner-table. Dumas ate tremendously, and said not a word. He was bestowed between his hostess and a young artillery officer.

After the third course, the lady inquired with much solicitation, "Is any thing the matter with you, my dear friend?"

"With me? By no means. I am hungry; and so you see I eat."

The artillery officer could keep silence no longer. He said:

"We were rejoiced at the thought of meeting you, M. Dumas. The ladies had calculated upon hearing your voice frequently. In fact, we had counted upon having you recite to us at least a few scenes from your new drama."

"So," replied Dumas, looking first at his hostess, and then at the company, "I perceive that we were asked here only that each might give the company a proof of skill in his particular profession. Well, I am agreed. Only, M. l'Officier, we will commence with you. I will recite my play as soon as you have fired off a field-piece in our midst."

With which words he departed.

Dumas, *père*, would have been delighted at the opportunity and the auditory, and would have occupied the entire evening with recitations, if not from a new play, then from old ones.

DRAMATIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The present age is strongly inclined to egotism. Autobiographies, sketches of adventure, and all manner of personal reminiscences seem the rage, and this particularly in France. The Parisian reflects, but exaggerates every ruling taste of the day; and thus we have in Paris not only all manner of sketches, books, pamphlets, on all manner of subjects, all strung upon the first person singular; but it is fast becoming the mode to represent upon the stage scenes taken literally from the actual life of the play-wright.

As most of the French play-writers live in an uncommonly free-and-easy style, you will imagine that the scenes from their lives (of course they select for the public edification the most piquant) are not always presentable to audiences outside of Paris.

Le Dame aux Camelias was an instance in point. We have now another in a drama meeting with great success at the *Theatre Français*. M. Mario Huchard, the author of this play, is the husband of Madeleine Brohan, an actress of some fame, who is at present playing an engagement at St. Petersburg. M. Huchard gives an epitome of his own life, making his wife, from whom he has long been separated, the heroine.

The play shows up her dubious walk through life, in which she is made to fall year by year lower among the creatures of the *demi-monde*, causing pain and misery to her husband and son, and others of her connections. It makes an exciting play, there being many touching points. The knowledge that they are looking on at the representation of a scene which has been for the last twenty years occurring in their midst of course adds vastly to the enjoyment of these Parisians.

OPERATIC SCANDAL.

M. Charles de Boigne has just published "Petits Memoires de l'Opera," a book of gossiping reminiscences of the Opera from 1832 to the present time. To Parisians, who take the liveliest interest in scandal of all and every kind, and who are familiar with the names and characters of all the people discussed by M. de Boigne, the book is, of course, of greater interest than it would be to Americans. Much of it is, however, of general interest, as it affords another of those peeps behind the scenes and into the mysteries of Parisian life which will instruct as well as amuse the philosophic mind.

THE PRICE OF AN ACTRESS.

Of Mademoiselle Pauline, a famous dancer twenty years ago, the pupil of Vestris and Taglioni, M. de Boigne speaks very favorably.

She was, throughout the early part of her career, taintless in character, and when a brilliant success awaited her, and was followed by the usual results depicted by French *littérateurs* invariably in the one and same form of "Russian and English nabobs, czars of the green-room, who, for intellect, heart, and youth, have roubles, nothing but roubles, and still more roubles," Pauline not only treated them with indifference, but even sometimes amused herself at their expense.

"You love me," she said, one day, to an old lord with an *off* to his name—"you love me; but do you love me as much as you do a hundred thousand francs?"

The next morning, after her dancing-lesson, she found the old lord with the *off* comfortably seated in her room. He had made himself quite at home, as if master of the stronghold after a fair capitulation: a box lay on the table by his side.

"Ma chère," he said, in a tone of indifference that would have become a marquis of the time of Louis XV.; "you asked me yesterday if I loved you as well as I did a hundred thousand francs? Here is my answer." And he opened the box; it contained one hundred thousand francs in gold.

"Mon cher," as quickly responded Pauline, withdrawing the hand which the old-lord with the *off* was endeavoring to possess himself of; "mon cher, do me the pleasure not to soil my carpet with your boots, and to take yourself off with all that *ferraille*. I was only joking, mon cher."

This little comedy would have been incomplete without a second act. The history of the *ferraille* got abroad. A young secretary of embassy, as poor as Job, also sighed for Miranda. The overt preference given to affection over pelf, in the instance of the lord in *off*, filled him with the most sanguine hopes of success.

"It is not I," he declared, in his enthusiasm, "who will offer you gold" (he had his reasons); "it is my life, my life that I shall be happy to sacrifice for you."

"If I asked for your head, you would bring it to me, would you not?" said Miranda, smiling; "I tell you what it is, you men always offer what one can not take."

"I swear—"

"Do not swear. I should take you at your word."

"Heavens! did I hear rightly? Speak, I entreat you."

"You wish it?"

"Earnestly."

"Well, then, present me with one of your front teeth."

"I fly; I shall be back in a moment."

An hour had not elapsed before the diplomatist made his appearance, one hand holding a kerchief to his mouth, the other holding out a little box.

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed Miranda; "I asked for one of the front lower teeth, and you bring me one of the upper ones!"

The next day our diplomatist had returned to his desk; his tooth was sent back to him, and he had the good sense to have it replaced.

MARIO.

Of Mario's *début* he gives the following account: "There was at this time in Paris a young Piedmontese refugee, who had become the subject of conversation in the highest circles of society. Not only was he clever as a singer, but there was a strange romance attached to his history. He had been in the Sardinian army, but an unfortunate amour and an obstinate father had driven him into exile. Circumstances now compelled him to earn his bread by his own talents, and De Candia accepted an engagement under M. Duponchel. He is the same who afterward became so celebrated under the name of Mario. He made his first appearance in the character of *Robert le Diable*. His success was perfect. On going out, every one said, 'What a delicious voice! But he will not remain at the Opera. Mario will take Rubini's place.'"

PRACTICAL JOKES.

One of the managers, M. Duponchel, introduces an opera which does not meet with success. At the fourth representation of *Guido*, the green-room is discovered to be on fire. By M. Duponchel's presence of mind the occurrence was kept secret. The *figurantes* were obliged to remain on the stage while the fire-engines were at work, and they got *five francs* for not flinching under the impromptu shower-bath. The accident and its suppression were announced to the audience at the same time. The *pompiers* were not, however, to be let off so easily. A severe inquiry was instituted. It was proved that the one whose turn it was to watch was asleep. He pleaded that they were performing *Guido*, and the judge at once determined that this plea was a most valid and sufficient one!

M. Duponchel was, while administrator, the victim of an infinite variety of practical jokes. His head (in pasteboard) was only saved from being thrown at the feet of Taglioni by the Queen Marie Amélie, who interceded to prevent so lugubrious a demonstration. The walls of Paris were placarded with the ominous words, "Feu Duponchel!" Another time funereal letters were dispatched to the artists and *employés*; the undertakers arrived and decorated the gateways of the Opera with more than usual pomp. They then penetrated into the interior, when they met a person issuing forth hurriedly.

"Monsieur," said the man in black, "would you be kind enough to tell us where we shall find the body?"

"What body?"

"The body of M. Duponchel."

"The body of M. Duponchel! I am M. Duponchel."

A moment after, while explanations were being made, friends came hurrying in to the funeral. The director had the good sense to take the thing as a joke; and the day which was to have been passed at Père la Chaise, was spent at a restaurant's high in renown.

The best part of the joke, however, was, that all the newspapers were taken in, and even those which had been long inimical to him appeared on the morning of the supposed funeral with long panegyrics, such as are only given to the dead. When they found out their mistake, there was no going back. They had been unanimous in expressing their deep sense of the loss which Paris had sustained in the death of so able, so effective, so distinguished a director; they could not be otherwise than delighted when they heard that he was alive and well, and as efficient as ever.

LITERARY.

The Bay Path; a Tale of New England Colonial Life, *by J. G. Holland.* New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

Let no one say that there is no material for romance in the early history of our own country. North and South the contrary is abundantly shown by stories like this, in which those stern and magnificent men, whose names are treasures, figure as heroes, surrounded by youth and beauty which grew to be the matronly motherhood of a race of nobles. Mr. Holland has found material for his history in the most trying times that the colonists passed through; nor has he failed in his attempt to add a charm to history by weaving it into the incidents of a romantic tale.

Mr. Peterson sends us a handsome edition of Dickens's Bleak House, in two volumes, 12mo, well printed and illustrated. This edition of the works of Mr. Dickens is not surpassed for beauty and convenience. The volumes are the tenth and eleventh of the series, which is to be complete in twenty-four, and which will form the most perfect and ornamental extant Library-set of the novels of the inventor of Pickwick.

We have Miss Leslie's New Cookery Book from the same house, of the merits of which we confess our total incapacity to judge, but which the ladies assure us is actually invaluable. It is a large duodecimo, of nearly 700 pages, and will doubtless stand the proof of all cooking recipes.

Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor—of America, Ireland, Scotland, and England, *by William E. Burton, Comedian.* With 600 Engravings, and a Portrait, on Steel, of the Author. Nos. 1 and 2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This work is to be completed in twenty-four semi-monthly parts. Mr. Burton's fine literary taste, long known to the public in his editorial capacity before he occupied his present position as director of fun and laughter for the theatre-going population of the city, is enough to insure that the cyclopedia will contain choice selections. In these numbers are not a few rare articles which are unknown to the generality of modern readers, but whose resurrection is like the appearance of a ghost in comedy, more laughable and more welcome for the solemnity which burial and temporary oblivion has given them.

Waverley Novels.—Household Edition. Guy Mannering. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is the second number of the Household Edition of Waverley, in two volumes, printed and bound in perfect style. This edition is the most compact, readable, clear, and convenient, as well as one of the cheapest extant. Messrs. Lippincott & Co., who advertised a new edition almost simultaneously with this, have withdrawn it, so that Ticknor's is without a rival, and will have the success it deserves.

The United States Grinnell Expedition, in Search of Sir John Franklin, *by Elisha Kent Kane, M.D.* New edition. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.

The death of Dr. Kane has revived all the interest felt in his noble attempts, and the history of the second expedition has increased the interest which attaches to the first, the account of which is published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., in a new edition, uniform in size and style with the second work, and necessary to all who possess the latter. We have always prized the book of the first expedition above the other, both on account of its general incident and style, as well as because of the greater progress made in it toward the object of the search.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS, by *Charles Hodge, D.D.*, of Princeton. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.

The name of Dr. Hodge is a host. A learned and accomplished scholar, he seems to have, in some sort, the inspiration of Paul himself when he interprets his words, and reading his commentaries we recognize so much of the spirit and power of the latter, that we forget at times that we are reading the writings of a father of Presbyterianism in the 19th century, and are not actually listening to the voice of the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

THE FAITHFUL PROMISER, and ALTAR STONES, by the Author of "Morning and Night Watches," "Memoirs of Bethany." New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

The author is a vigorous and elegant writer; and this little book, the first half of which is a pleasant elucidation of His faithfulness that promised, and the second half a collection of short sacred poems, is full of his finest thoughts and most happy expressions of them.

LIFE PICTURES FROM A PASTOR'S NOTE-BOOK, by *Robert Turnbull*. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.

The experiences of a pastor are such as no other man has, and such as can not often be published without the violation of that confidence which all persons are taught to repose in their spiritual advisers. When, as in this instance, judicious selections are made from them, and written out with a careful hand, they can not fail to be readable and valuable. In some of these sketches readers will recognize old friends; in many of them they will think they recognize familiar faces; for human nature is sadly similar in various persons. The author's skillful and masterly style is too well known from his former works to need remark now.

Messrs. Barnes & Co. send us three school books, the First, Second, and Third Reader, by Richard G. Parker and J. Madison Watson. The first of these is called the Word-Builder, from the author's system of teaching children by building words, as o, on, one, tone, stone, etc., a plan which has merit. The series is well arranged and teachers will do well to examine it.

A recent sale of books by Sotheby & Wilkinson in London is worthy of notice, for the enormous prices brought by some of them. These were mainly owing to the bindings; for the books were from a collection specially valuable for its illustrations of ancient and rare, as well as elegant styles of binding.

Boccaccio, Il Decamerone, the Aldine edition, with several leaves fac-similed, sold for £8 10*s.*, on account of a brace of old ornamented sides let rather clumsily into modern binding—Dore, L'Image de Vertu, a specimen of Grolier binding, £5—Drayton's Poems, printed about 1605, £16 15*s.*—Holbein's Dance of Death, first edition, £17 6*s.* 6*d.*—Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, printed by Tynson, imperfect, £23 10*s.*—Golden Garland of Princely Delight, an old songster, £5 2*s.* 6*d.*—Gerard de Nevers et Euriant de Savoye, Paris, 1526, £15 15*s.*—Howleglas, his merye Jestes, imperfect, £12 5*s.*—Homeri Ilias, Turnebus's edition, in Grolier binding, £14 5*s.*, the real value of the book being the odd 5*s.*—Horæ B. Mariæ Virginis, Paris, 1550, in Grolier binding, £14 5*s.*—Jovius de Romanis Piscibus, a shilling book in Grolier binding, of which it is a beautiful specimen, £37 10*s.*—Juvenalis et Persius, Aldi, 1535, uncut, in Grolier binding, with Thuanus's arms on sides, £23—Love's Garland, one of the chap-books formerly sold on London Bridge in 1674, £6 2*s.* 6*d.*—Jordan's Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie, imperfect, but curious, as fixing 1663 as the date when the first woman acted on the stage, in "The Moor of Venice," £4 4*s.*—Merlin ses Prophesies, Rouen, 1526, £21—Livre du Roy Modus, Treppere's edition, £28—Atchievements of Robin Hood, 1678, £12 15*s.*—Officium B. Mariæ Virginiis, MS., with illuminations, £130—Pierre de Provence et la Belle Magnelonne, £18 3*s.*—Rommant de la Rose, £42—Tindal's Translation of the Pentateuch, printed for the martyr at Marpurg, in Hesse, 1530, and certainly a work of excessive rarity, £130—Ysaie le Triste, perhaps the rarest of the Romances of the Round Table, £43.

Grolier, whose bindings are so often referred to, was a patron of learning and art from 1520–'65. He employed the Alduses to print an edition of Terence at Rome in 1521, and himself made a splendid collection of books, the value of which is esteemed by collectors at these enormous rates.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Carlton & Porter.
The Itinerant Side. 16mo, $1.
The Object of Life. 16mo, 75 cents.
Robert Carter & Brothers.
Expository Thoughts on the Gospels. By Rev. J. C. Ryle. 12mo, $1.
Derby & Jackson.
Philosophy of Skepticism and Ultraism. By James B. Walker. 12mo, $1.
C. M. Saxton & Co.
The Cotton Planter's Manual: a Compilation of Facts on the Culture, Natural History, Chemical Analysis, Trade, and Consumption of Cotton. By J. A. Turner. 12mo, $1.
Charles Scribner.
Life Scenes from Mission Fields. By Rev. E. D. Moore. 12mo, $1.

PHILADELPHIA.

J. B. Lippincott & Co.
Olive Branch or, White Oak Farm. A Tale of Life in the Old Dominion. 12mo, $1.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

RUMORED REJECTION OF THE AMENDED DALLAS TREATY.

ADVICES arrived here per *Africa* to the effect that the Palmerston Government could not agree to the amended Dallas Treaty, until the Government of Honduras had ratified the treaty with England respecting Ruatan. The daily papers call this a rejection of the treaty; it is nothing of the kind.

THE NEW GRANADA IMBROGLIO.

Mr. Commissioner Morse has arrived at New Orleans on his way to Washington, to tell the story of his failure. The New Granadian Government demand $150,000 damages for the trouble their people were put to in killing our countrymen during the riot at Panama; somewhat after the fashion of the old lady whose dog bit a man, and who condoled with the sufferer by hoping that the mouthful would not disagree with the dog. It is believed that the Cabinet have come to no understanding on the subject. The naval force at Panama is ready to act in case of a second massacre. Meanwhile Mr. Corwin reports every thing quiet on the Isthmus, and Mr. Bowlin, at Bogota, hopes good things from the new Administration, which he says consists of respectable men. It is to be feared that the partial successes which the Spaniards have obtained over Walker have not disposed them to meet this country half way in a conciliatory spirit.

THE CABINET.

Little or nothing of public interest has been done during the week by the Cabinet. Several private claims have been under consideration, and one or two consuls have been confirmed, but the illness of the President and the absence of Judge Black have impeded the transaction of important business. It is understood that the foreign appointments will not be taken up before June. Meanwhile the Cabinet meetings will be less frequent than heretofore.

THE PUBLIC PRINTING.

The new Washington paper, the *States*, suggests a reform in the present corrupt system of disposing of the public printing. A national convention of the Democratic journalists is to be called, to suggest a fairer mode of action. The cost of the public printing has risen, in a few years, from $300,000 to $1,500,000 per Congress—a monstrous corruption and fraud.

The idea of the *States* deserves commendation.

THE STATE LEGISLATURES.

The Legislature of Massachusetts has adopted by large majorities the following amendments to the Constitution:

"1. That every voter shall be able to read the Constitution in the English language, and to write his own name, 2. Limits the House of Representatives to two hundred and forty members, to be elected by districts. 3. Provides for the choice of forty Senators in single districts, instead of by counties as heretofore.

The Select Committee of the Legislature of Pennsylvania have presented a long report, impeaching the Dred Scott decision, and concluding with the remark, "that the five judges who concurred in that opinion made a wanton attack on the sovereignty of the Free States, and an impotent attempt to nullify the established laws of the country, and by extra-judicial action caused unnecessary excitement in the public mind in regard to the subject of slavery, and thereby forfeited the confidence and respect due to their exalted station."

The Legislature of Maine, which has just adjourned, passed a personal liberty bill, directing the county attorneys to defend fugitive slaves when claimed under the Act of Congress; and likewise a bill declaring all slaves free when introduced into that State.

THE NEW YORK CITY ACTS.

The new City Charter has gone into effect, though the Aldermen resolved to contest its constitutionality, and Mr. Selah, Commissioner of Repairs and Supplies, whose office is abolished by it, refuses to vacate his apartments. The contest on the Police Act continues. The injunction obtained by Mayor Wood against the new Commissioners was dissolved on a point of form by Judge Peabody; but the question has come up in a new form, on a friendly injunction obtained against City Judge Russell. A *pro forma* judgment was rendered by Judge Roosevelt, and it is hoped that the case will be carried to the Court of Appeals next term. The Central Park Act has gone into effect. The Excise Act is to be resisted by the liquor dealers. The new City Hall Commissioners have been sworn in.

QUARANTINE.

The Quarantine Commissioners have purchased property near Seguine's Point, on Staten Island, for a new Quarantine. The residents of that part of the island have met at Richmond, appointed a Committee of Safety, and resolved to resist the establishment of the Quarantine with all the means that God has given them. The oyster trade, which uses a very large capital, is unanimous against the proposed removal.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper thus speaks of the President, whose health is said to have been much impaired by the National Hotel disease:

"I saw, passing a gaslight, a couple of gentlemen, one of whom, although I had not seen him for over sixteen years, I at once knew to be the President. I stepped alongside, and a glance informed me that I was not mistaken. The old man totters. His legs are weak. A half-stumble drew some remark from his companion which I did not hear. His reply was; 'I am not right. My health is not recovered;' adding, in a sort of begging tone, 'but I am getting better.'"

It is stated that ex-President Pierce, having found the land near Portsmouth too expensive, has purchased sixty acres in the northern part of Concord, New Hampshire, whereon he intends to erect a mansion. It is said he has saved $50,000 out of his Presidential salary.

The Hon. Daniel Wilmot has accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania in a long letter devoted entirely to a statement and argument of the national issue between the friends of free labor and the movement for the extension of Slavery in free territory of the United States.

Vice-President Breckinridge and Hon. Mr. Rice of Minnesota are each building a house on One Street, near Jersey Avenue, Washington. They are to be magnificent dwellings, 48 feet front by 50 deep; they are to be completed by the 1st of November.

General Pillow, who is at Washington, has been serenaded by his admirers and friends.

Senator Hunter, who rarely visits Washington during the recess, is now there. It is supposed that the recent fracas between his clerk and the Treasury Department has brought him on.

Secretary Toucey has presented to Captain Hartstein the sword given him by the British Government.

Senator Douglas, having just returned from North Carolina, has left Washington for Chicago, where he will remain till Congress meets.

Elisha Whittlesey has retired from the First Controllership of the Treasury, and the office has been taken by Mr. Medill. Rumor imputes to Mr. Whittlesey dissatisfaction at the course of the Attorney-General in the Ramsey and Cormick case.

Judge Black left Washington for Philadelphia on the 27th ult., and returned in a day or two.

Mr. Cobb is at home; his wife is very ill.

Chevalier Hulsemann, the Austrian minister, is preparing for a four months' absence in Europe.

Lord Napier has returned to Washington. During his brief sojourn in this city, at the residence of Mr. W. B. Duncan, in the Fifth Avenue, he visited many places of public interest, but had no formal reception. He was among the guests at the soirée of the Bachelors of the New York Club at Niblo's; and, in company with Mr. Duncan, paid a visit to the Merchant's Exchange, where he was welcomed by Pelatiah Perit, Esq., President of the Chamber of Commerce, Ex-Governor Seymour, Moses H. Grinnell, and other distinguished gentlemen. The same day he visited the Supreme Court room, where the argument in the case of the New Police Commissioners was going on, and took a seat on the bench with Judge Davies. It was his design to stop for a few days in Philadelphia.

Ex-Secretary Davis has left Washington for his home in Mississippi, accompanied by his family. His departure was delayed in consequence of the illness of his children.

Ex-Secretary Marcy, accompanied by his family, bade adieu to the federal metropolis on the afternoon of the 29th of April, as a residence. He came to New York city, where he will probably sojourn until embarking for Europe, according to his intention, which has been for some time known to the public.

When Mr. Dobbin, late Secretary of the Navy, reached his home at Fayetteville, after his term of office expired, his condition was very critical, his constitution, naturally weak, being completely worn down. Owing to unfavorable weather he has not been able to leave his room since reaching his home; but his spirits are good, and he is in strong expectation of greatly improved health as soon as the warm weather sets in, and he is enabled to take exercise in the open air.

The other night, at the Opera, Colonel Frémont and Ex-President Fillmore sat side by side in a front seat, listening to Gazzaniga in "Norma," apparently entirely forgetful that there had been a Presidential election last fall.

A communication "by authority" contradicts the statements which have lately appeared in reference to Mrs. Polk. That lady has no intention to reside in Washington city. She has never been in London, nor out of the United States; nor has she been out of the State of Tennessee since the death of President Polk. Nashville is her home for life.

Augustus Cæsar Dodge, ex-senator, and soon to be ex-minister to Spain, is talked of by the Democrats of Iowa as their candidate for Governor next fall.

A Washington correspondent says that Orville Clark of this State will probably receive the appointment of Governor of Nebraska, a post which the same correspondent says has been declined by Colonel Richardson, of Illinois.

It is said that Mr. Edmond Burke's failure in his endeavor to connect himself with the Washington *Union* was due to a protest signed by the Editors of all the Pierce organs in New Hampshire, and forwarded to the President.

Senator Wilson of Massachusetts has gone West, possibly as far as Kansas.

The recent decision of a lawsuit makes Caleb Cushing sole proprietor of one of the most promising towns in Minnesota. He has gone to look at it.

The story that General Quitman was to receive a testimonial from his army friends is contradicted. A few of his friends at first entertained the proposition, but abandoned it on grounds of delicacy. General Scott wrote a letter couched in warm and handsome terms of acknowledgment to General Quitman for his friendly interest in the army, but which had no reference to any other or more tangible testimonial than the heartfelt expression of gratitude and affection on the part of his former comrades in the field.

Mr. Everett has delivered his Washington oration before the Young Men's Association in Chicago.

David Hunt, Esq., of Mississippi, who only the other day gave $25,000 to the Colonization Society, has sent to the same body a check for $20,000 more. This sum makes a grand total of more than fifty thousand dollars which has been contributed by Mr Hunt to the philanthropic cause of colonization.

Ex-Senator Foote, who of late has held a prominent position in the ranks of the American party, has gone over to the Democrats.

One of the candidates for Governor of Tennessee, General W. T. Haskell, thus meets an objection to his candidature founded on his late absence from the State:

"In the spring of 1854, overwhelmed with debt, disappointed because sudden professional success did not come with my settlement in Memphis, chagrined and mortified at what I then considered the injustice of political friends, but have since thought better of, I left Memphis with my family, with the hope of finding better fortunes elsewhere. I departed, however, *animo revertendi*—if I could find no place abroad, not to resign my right of citizenship in Tennessee. I started to go to no particular place. I had a vague idea in my mind about looking at Fort Smith and Van Buren in Arkansas, the Indian Nation, Texas, or any where else that I could plant myself, make money, pay my debts, and recover my personal independence."

W. B. Buchanan, of Marshal County, Virginia, long known in that State as a poet and author, and as a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* and *Home Journal*, died suddenly at Wheeling on 30th ult. at 12 o'clock, of disease of the heart. He was 63 years old.

Wm. C. Bryant, Esq., the poet, and editor of the *Evening Post*, has gone to Spain with his family.

Rev. Dr. Baird has been lecturing in some western cities the past winter with great acceptance.

Ralph Waldo Emerson made his appearance in a Boston pulpit on Sunday, 26th ult. Mr. Emerson was formerly a Unitarian clergyman, but he left the pulpit fifteen or more years ago. Mr. Emerson discoursed on the present occasion to a crowded audience in the Music Hall. There was no reading of scripture, prayer, or benediction attending the service.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, of the First Cavalry, is in St. Louis, busily employed in making all needful preparations to run and mark the Southern boundary of Kansas to the eastern boundary of New Mexico. He will start from the western boundary of Missouri on a parallel of 37°, and thence continue his labors.

Henry Adams, the Free-state Mayor elect of Lawrence, Kansas Territory, is a brother-in-law of Powers, the sculptor.

A Masonic tribute to the memory of Dr. Kane has been given in Boston. Rev. Wm. R. Alger delivered an eloquent discourse before the fraternity.

The Howard Association of Norfolk have presented Miss Annie M. Andrews with a beautiful gold medal, in token of their appreciation of her philanthropic services during the pestilence in that city in 1855.

The brother of General Walker of Nicaragua, arrived in the *Empire City*, and died on 26th ult.

Mr. Samuel Nicholson, of the banking-house of Brown, Brothers, & Co., died at his residence in this city on 29th ult., at the age of 62 years. For many years he had charge of the business of his house in New Orleans.

Judge Torbett, of Springfield, Ohio, decided, on 29th ult., that the wealthy heiress, Miss Martin, who recently eloped with Mr. Boyd, was at liberty to go to her husband. The Judge, however, doubted the legality of the marriage as the bans were not published. The case was up on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and had caused great excitement. The parties are highly respectable.

Hon. Mr. Kent, Provincial Secretary of Newfoundland, and Hon. Mr. Carter, member of the Assembly, have been at the Lafarge House, *en route* for Newfoundland. They were appointed by the government of that province as delegates to visit the other colonies, on the subject of the recent treaty with Great Britain and France relative to the Newfoundland fisheries, and obtain their countenance in remonstrating against any confirmation of the treaty. They have addressed public meetings in Halifax, St. John, N. B., and Quebec, and have been successful in their exertions.

Hon. J. T. Headley, Secretary of State, has consented to deliver the oration before the Hermean Society of Hobart College, at Geneva, at the Commencement in July.

Speaker Littlejohn, of the New York Legislature, has been suffering from an attack of quinsy ever since his return home.

Philip Quigley has recovered $5000 damages against the Philadelphia and Wilmington Railroad Company for publishing a libel upon him. The Company, in their annual report, reflected upon Mr. Quigley's character and his reputation as a bridge builder. The verdict establishes the fact that a Corporation may be sued for libel, though it can not be libeled.

The negro man, "Jim Breckenridge," who was so fortunate as to draw half the capital prize of $30,000 at Louisville, has purchased himself and entire family, at a reasonable price. Mr. Isaac R. Green, his owner, referred the matter of value to Judge Pirtlet, by whom the valuation was fixed. The remaining money has been placed in the care of a trustee.

M. Marc Caussidiere, formerly Prefect of Police under the French provisional government of 1848, but now a resident of this city, was brutally assaulted on 29th ult. in Greene Street, near Broome, by a gang of rowdies. M. Caussidiere is a very large and powerful man, and could have repelled three or four of his assailants, but ten of them were too many for him. He was severely beaten about the head and body before any assistance was rendered him. None of the rowdies were arrested.

During the third act of "The Apostate" at the Boston Theatre, on the evening of 30th ult., a young man, who was personating the *rôle* of a monk, was suddenly seized with a violent fit, and fell lifeless upon the stage. The actors carried him to the wing and the performances proceeded; but for a moment the incident caused the audience to experience a thrill of horror.

A girl fifteen years of age, named Rachael Cleland, whose mother resides at No. 105 Sands Street, Brooklyn, has been missing since Monday, 27th ult. She was employed in the American Tract House, and went to work as usual on that morning, but went out shortly after, saying that she had to do an errand for her mother. Since that time she has not been heard of, and it is feared that she has been led astray.

Ole Bull is making the tour of New England, giving concerts.

Madame Otto Goldsmidt (Jenny Lind) gave birth, on the 31st of March, at Dresden, to a daughter.

The Duchess de Montpensier had a *fausse-couche* on the 31st of March, at Madrid.

DR. BELLOWS ON THE STAGE.

Dr. Bellows has delivered his oration on the Relations of the Stage to the Sober and Sacred Interests of Society, before a crowded audience at the Academy of Music. He started by showing that amusement was natural, necessary, and good.

AMUSEMENT A PRIVILEGE AND A DUTY.

He said: "If amusement be wrong in principle—if to forget care, duty, death, the future, for any hour of the day, be dangerous—if not to be uninterruptedly engaged in contemplating and advancing the moral and serious interests of life, is culpable and offensive to Christianity—if fun, frolic, laughter, jest, humor, wit, the excitement of social intercourse and the indulgence of the lighter and gayer tastes of human nature, have no legitimate times and places, and no important and indispensable offices, then, of course, it is useless to talk of defending the most amusing of all amusements. But I now stand here to maintain and to show that amusement is not only a privilege but a duty, indispensable to health of body and mind, and essential even to the best development of religion itself. For what is it? It is the play of our nature, when temporarily released from toil and anxiety. Its very essence is absence of painful effort and serious thought, absorption in the present to the forgetfulness of the past and the future. Nothing amuses which does not make a man forget himself, by calling into controlling activity pleasurable thoughts and emotions. Society is the better, the safer, the more moral and religious, for amusement. It is as good a friend to the Church as it is to the theatre; to sound morals and unsuperstitious piety as it is to health and happiness. The very word recreation carries its argument in its etymology. To recreate is to re-create, and pleasure and piety have, in this direction, an identical aim—to renew and edify our nature. Amusement, it is true, recreates in a very different manner from piety. It does not make the bone and sinew, but supplies the roundness of the muscle, the fat and moisture of the system—and while one gives strength and size, the other gives flexibility and grace. Both are necessary to build up the perfect man."

THE THEATRE NOT NECESSARILY CORRUPT.

Having shown that the stage is the most complete and interesting of all amusements, he went on to argue that it was not necessarily injurious or unwholesome. He said: "The attractiveness of the theatre, even to vice and folly, is nothing against it, until it can be proved that they are attracted there by what is bad and depraving. It is not enough to show that they carry there what is bad and depraving, or that they are not kept away by what is bad and depraving there, but that they are attracted by what is bad and depraving. I suppose them to be attracted precisely by what would attract me or you, or any innocent or well-intentioned person—by the love of pleasure, spectacle, society, talent, beauty, light, architecture—and I suppose them to be very innocent so far as the enjoyment of these things is concerned. . . . For my own part, I believe the theatre has, in every age, exhibited the vices and follies of society rather than created them; and it has owed its reputation for evil mainly to the fact that it has been the only place in which the decency, or virtue, or propriety of society has met the indecency, the vice, and disreputableness. Now, if the theatre had produced this indecency, vice, or disreputableness, or encouraged it, we should condemn it; but I believe, on the contrary, notwithstanding its imperfect administration, it has done something to correct it. Perhaps the most innocent hours of the vicious have been those in which they were publicly amused under the protection of society. For the innocent pleasure which even vice and folly get out of their existence is the only part of their career we can look at with any satisfaction; all else is loss and ruin."

SHOULD THE THEATRE BE IGNORED?

Having admitted that bad plays are performed, the orator went on to deny the right of the clergy to ignore the theatre. He said:

"When I consider that eight theatres, at least, are open in the city for six nights of every week; that they are constantly frequented, though in very different degrees, by all classes of the community, except a portion of those technically styled professors of religion; that the tastes, morals, manners, happiness of hundreds of thousands of people are affected by them for good or evil, to a degree which almost renders the theatre a rival of the church, I confess that the vastness of this metropolitan interest is too serious an element in our whole civic character and human prospects to make me willing to ignore it, or—the hope of crushing it being preposterous—to allow me to sit easy while it remains hostile to morality or in open competition with religion. I must, for my peace' sake, see what of good it is that gives life to this sturdy tree, which has been so long stricken with the lightnings of the Church and still survives in greenness."

WHAT THE CHURCH SHOULD DO.

His views of the policy which he would wish to see the clergy pursue may be gathered from the following extracts from his oration: "It seems to me that avowed moralists and Christian leaders and guides have committed a grave and hurtful error in their mode of dealing with it. I am a servant not merely of religion but of the Church, and hope to live and die in this service; but if there is to be a great gulf fixed between the Church and the world, as between heaven and hell, minister of Christ as I am, I would sooner take my place and part with the world than with the Church; with common humanity than any elect portion of it; with confessed sinners than self-assumed saints—for I believe that Christ, who is the light of the world and not of the Church alone, is more permanently a resident with the common heart, and fortunes, and feelings of mankind at large, than of any fraction of humanity, however select, or self-appropriative of his name and patronage. I charge, then, the vices and follies of the theatre, as of our other amusements, and of our general society, to the withdrawal, the self-separation, of the moral and religious portion of the community as a class, from the pleasure-loving resorts of the people. I believe that all the specified classes of evils connected with the theatre would disappear to as great an extent as they ever disappear, even in respectable society, if, after having recognized the essential innocence and necessity of public amusement in general, and of the stage in particular, the sober and virtuous people of this and every city would go in moderation to the theatre."

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN IN THE FIELD.

The Rev. Edward E. Hale, of Boston, has followed in Dr. Bellows's wake. His recommendation is as follows: "Let every city government appoint a committee to take the matter in hand; let the committee have the fullest power, and be as responsible as your school committee; let them have the entire control of all public amusements—and these places will be properly controlled. If, when an immoral play is presented at one of your minor theatres, an alderman and a councilman were impeached and thrown out of office, there would be no more impurity upon the stage."

THE TEETOTALLERS VERY UNHAPPY.

The committee of the New York Temperance Society repudiate the new License act, and say they will stop at nothing short of an entire prohibition of the traffic in rum. A meeting of the Prohibitionists of the State will be held in the Capitol at Albany, on the 11th of June, to take into consideration the new license law, and other matters connected with the cause of temperance.

A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL MURDERED.

On 30th ult., at a place called Hampton, six miles north of Newburg, it appears that, about dark, some of the villagers descried the body of a young female on the sand near the river side. She was almost naked, and around her neck was found a cord, and, from this circumstance, as well as from the distortion of her features, it was evident her death had been caused by strangulation. It was supposed that some ruffians had first attempted to violate her person, and then murdered her. None of her apparel was found, and the only article belonging to her that has been discovered so far was a large cameo brooch, or breastpin, which the murderers had evidently dropped in the hurry of their departure from the scene of the murder. The features were those of a very prepossessing young female, of not more than twenty years of age. An inquest is being held on the body as we go to press.

YET ANOTHER.

On Sunday, 26th ult. the body of a young woman was found floating in the North River, near the foot of Reade street, nearly nude, and with a rope fastened around the neck. Coroner Gamble caused the body to be removed to the Alms House Yard, and held an inquest upon it. The only clothes upon it were a chemise and night dress. From the advanced stage of decomposition it was impossible to determine in what manner deceased came to her death, but it is believed that she was murdered. No suicide would be likely to walk through the streets in a state of nudity, with a rope around her neck, and leap into the river.

The unknown deceased appeared to be nearly eighteen years of age. She had regular features, dark blue eyes, and long, brown hair.

FANNY KEMBLE PUTS A JUDGE DOWN,

Judge Henry W. Bishop, of Lenox, had a very vicious horse, which, among other bad habits, had that of lying down with his rider, and kicking and biting in a most violent way. So the Judge sold his horse; but not many days afterward he was surprised to see him standing at the hotel door in Lenox with a side-saddle upon his back. Having learned that Miss Kemble was proposing to ride him, the Judge felt it to be his duty to remonstrate with her. So he waited until she came down, and then informed her plainly as to the characteristics of the animal, and hoped she would not think of mounting him. "There's a great deal of difference between you and me, Mr. Bishop," said the lady. "When you are on the horse's back, he knows you are afraid of *him*, and when *I* am on his back, he knows *he* is afraid of *me*."

LIKEWISE AN OLD LADY.

On a late railroad trip to a neighboring city, the ex-actress was among the passengers. Just behind her was seated an elderly lady, who became greatly annoyed by the sparks and dust that came in through the open window raised by the ex-actress. In a lady-like manner the old lady closed the window, when the reader of Shakspeare turned round and exclaimed, in such startling emphasis as aroused the attention of every one in the car, "Woman! if you do that again, I'll break the glass!" Up went the window, and the old lady, trembling with affright, took a back-seat.

THE DANGER OF WEARING HOOPS.

Mary Hall, a pretty young girl residing at No. 163 Laurens Street, while sitting by her fireside on Sunday evening, was nearly burned to death by her dress catching fire. She wore hoops of the most ample dimensions, and over them a dress of white muslin. A door opening suddenly inflated her balloon-like robe, and carried it against the grate, where it ignited, and instantly wrapped her in flames. With much presence of mind, she sprang into a bath, and turned the faucet; but before the fire was extinguished her back and the lower part of her person were shockingly burned. Her friends conveyed her to the City Hospital, where but slight hopes are entertained of her recovery.

A BEAUTIFUL DARK-EYED MORMON WOMAN.

A cargo of Mormons recently arrived at Boston, *en route* for Salt Lake. There were several women among them. One woman left her husband, that she might go to the land of the saints; and there was another beautiful, dark-eyed young woman, with a young infant, whose story, as told by the captain, was quite touching. The captain noticed her, when they started, as possessed of great beauty, but lost sight of her in a day or two, and, supposing she had changed her quarters, did not inquire for her for eight or ten days. He was then told that she had been very sick, and was still quite feeble. He had her brought from between decks, upon the deck, and laid on a mattress, got her some port wine and cake, and tried to bring back her health. Under this treatment she improved much, and in reply to his questions, told him that she had left a pleasant home, in a quiet village in England, and a husband to whom she had been married but a year or two, for this journey. He asked her reasons. She replied that she had done so for Christ's sake, who had promised that if one forsook father, and mother, and husband for him, she should receive more abundantly in this life, and in the world to come everlasting life. Nearly all of the men were armed with from two to four revolvers.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE NATIONAL HOTEL DISEASE.

Hon. John G. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, has died of the National Hotel disease, and the Collector of Philadelphia is very ill from the same cause.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BIRTH OF A PRINCESS.

The Queen was safely delivered of a Princess on 14th April. Symptoms of approaching labor manifested themselves on the evening previous, but Dr. Locock and Dr. Snow were not sent for until 2 o'clock on Tuesday. The labor was more lingering than in any of her Majesty's previous confinements, and it was not until 11 that Dr. Snow was requested to administer the chloroform. After some time it appeared that the anæsthetic seemed not only to relieve pain but to retard the labor, and it was discontinued for a time. It was repeated, however, at intervals, and the Princess was born at 45 minutes past 1, Her Majesty not being in a state of total insensibility, although unconscious of pain. Such are the medical facts of the case. The domestic history is more curious, and reminds one of the famous story of the royal plate being sent to the railway by a common carrier's cart. It was known on Monday night at the Palace that labor was approaching, yet when the Queen, in her extremity, sent for Dr. Locock and Dr. Snow, a common cab from the nearest stand was the only vehicle procurable, and a very shaky specimen indeed, first went to Hertford Street for Dr. Locock, took him to the Palace, and then drove off to Sackville Street for Dr. Snow. Foreigners have a vague idea that Masters of the Horse, and Grooms-in-Waiting, and Equerries, and Gold Sticks, and Silver Sticks, and a hundred other people about the royal person must be of some use; but it seems that when they are wanted, No. 2011 from the cab-stand is as necessary for Queen Victoria as for any of her subjects.

News of the event being telegraphed to Paris, Napoleon replied that he wished bulletins of the Queen's health to be sent him by telegraph twice a day. The mother and child are doing well.

LORD ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA.

It is said that Lord Elgin is to go to China, clothed with unusual powers. He is to decide on the opportuneness of all warlike operations, and to fix the time for commencing them. In case the authorities of the country should think fit to send propositions of arrangement, he is to endeavor to obtain the following concessions: 1st, The old treaties are to be renewed, and extended to eight ports of China in place of five; and, in addition, English trading-vessels are to have the right of putting in, from stress of weather or for repairs, to every point on the coast; 2d, England is to have, like Russia, a college at Pekin. The head of that establishment, which is to be composed of five members at least, is to be charged with all official relations with the Chinese Government; and, 3d, The English are to have military posts in all the towns in which they have consuls or agents. A piece of ground shall be conceded to them at Shanghai, and another at Canton, on which to raise forts and form military establishments, the strength of which shall be fixed by common accord. Lord Elgin's staff is to consist of his relative Hon. F. W. Bruce, who came to this country with Lord Ashburton; Mr. D. Cameron, Mr. Fitzroy, Mr. H. Loch, and Mr. Morrison, son of Dr. Morrison, the linguist, *attachés*; and Mr. Lawrence Oliphant, the traveler.

RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

There is a little to add to what we said last week on the subject of the elections. No one can exactly say what will be the complexion of the new House. The *Globe* thus divides members:

	Liberals.	Conservatives.
England and Wales..........	288	209
Scotland....................	39	14
Ireland.....................	53	52
	380	275

THE SPEAKERSHIP OF THE NEW HOUSE.

Two candidates for the speakership have been named. One is Mr. Matthew Talbot Baines, a very worthy gentleman, who is known to be sufficiently acquainted with Parliamentary law to execute the duties; the other, Mr. Evelyn Denison, a moderate Liberal, who is presented on the score of his dignified manner, his commanding appearance, and the esteem in which he is held by both sides of the House. No character given to him for acquaintance with his duties. He is "honest, industrious, and sober," but it is not stated that he can cook.

LADY FRANKLIN'S NEW POLAR EXPEDITION.

Lady Franklin has determined to fit out another Arctic expedition. The London *Times* suggests that she should be presented by the English public with the *Resolute*, for the execution of the enterprise.

THE FREE LIBRARY AT LIVERPOOL.

The corner-stone of the new Free Public Library at Liverpool has been laid. It is to be built at the cost of William Brown, Esq., a Member of Parliament, who gives £30,000 for the purpose. The laying of the corner-stone was a grand ceremony, at which Lord Stanley, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Hawthorne, and other notabilities were present. Mr. Brown made a neat and modest speech in return for his health.

CONDITION OF THE LONDON POOR.

Dr. Letheby, the Medical officer of Health for the city of London, has presented a report in which he says he has visited 2208 rooms inhabited by the city poor. He says: "In 1989 of these rooms—all, in fact, that are at present inhabited—there are 5791 inmates, belonging to 1576 families; and to say nothing of the too frequent occurrence of what may be regarded as a necessitous overcrowding, where the husband, the wife, and young family of four or five children are cramped into a miserably small and ill-conditioned room, there are numerous instances where adults of both sexes, belonging to different families, are lodging in the same room, regardless of all the common decencies of life, and where from three to five adults, men and women, besides a train or two of children, are accustomed to herd together like brute beasts or savages; where all the offices of nature are performed in the most public and offensive manner; and where every human instinct of propriety and decency is smothered. Like my predecessor, I have seen grown persons of both sexes sleeping in common with their parents; brothers and sisters and cousins, and even the casual acquaintance of a day's tramp, occupying the same bed of filthy rags or straw; a woman suffering in travail in the midst of males and females of different families that tenant the same room; where birth and death go hand-in-hand; where the child but newly born, the patient cast down with fever, and the corpse waiting for interment, have no separation from each other or from the rest of the inmates."

AMUSEMENTS.

Our London correspondent writes: "Caterers of public amusements have long been busy providing their tempting bills of fare for the holiday-makers. Some twelve thousand are attracted to the Crystal Palace, notwithstanding the rain; others go to the Zoological Gardens, the British Museum, National Gallery, Colosseum, and other like attractive resorts. The evening is spent at the Theatre, or at some of the newly-hatched 'Musical Halls,' of which more anon. The custom of producing 'Easter-pieces at the theatres, has well-nigh died out; only one, that of the 'little Haymarket,' has been produced this year. Next year we may hope to celebrate the obsequies of modern Burlesque. For, unlike the Midas, and Tom Thumb, and Beggar's Opera, of the last century, which are redolent of wit and satire, our modern burlesques have depended for success chiefly upon stupid jokes, bad puns and slang, which, when uttered by pretty, modest women, was most intolerable, if not quite revolting. Year by year dramatic literature has been declining; when it had nothing left but coarse parodies of Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet to trade upon it was fit it should die; and few will mourn the end. The burlesques had a most pernicious effect upon public taste. Nothing could remain venerable or sacred in poetry or art before the ready pen of a merry-andrew, forced to be funny for a few shillings. This year the London Prentices have lost another of their old privileges—Greenwich Fair, with all its obscenities and riotous abominations, is abolished; given way before the increasing refined spirit of the age; but only after a hard struggle. It has gone to the tomb of the Capulets with prize-fighting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and other rude sports of our grandfathers. No sports of this peculiarly exhilirating kind are now left but horse-racing and rat-hunting. Connected with this latter refined amusement, a piece of scandal is current anent the ladies of the aristocratic class, which I would fain disbelieve, had I not received it from 'the best authority.' For a few years past an extraordinary passion has seized upon all classes for an ugly breed of curs, yclept Skye-terriers. For certain specimens of this and other ugly breeds of terriers, so much as seventy to a hundred guineas have been given by moneyed aristocrats in search of *pets*. And if you mingle among the pedestrians in Hyde Park of an afternoon, when, as the cockney says, 'the haristocracy takes the hair,' you may see, in every other carriage that passes, one of those plebeian-looking curs protruding his head from the window, while fondled in his fair owner's arms. If my Lord Harry would 'win a tender creature,' let him seek out the ugliest cur of this kind, and his suit is half gained. But I am forgetting the 'scandal.' These terriers are death upon rats. So the refined fair ones honor with their presence the rat-hunts, where their pets display their prowess in rat-slaying; and they enter into the spirit of the scene with infinite gusto, betting high odds upon their favorites. Now I can forgive a lady petting a King Charles spaniel, but these terrier curs are abominably ugly, even disgusting; and the uglier they are (and the grades of ugliness are many), the more highly they are prized."

FRANCE.

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR.

Within the last few days the police of Paris discovered a ripened plot to kill the Emperor, and thirty-one persons were arrested accordingly. From the interrogatories which have taken place, it appears some of these persons held communications with the foreign secret society in London. They are mostly men in humble positions, and the chief actor of the plot in question is a dyer from Lyons. Secret societies never wholly disappear in France. They may be more or less quiet—more or less dangerous—more or less withdrawn from the public eye—but they do not cease to exist, and their influence is never wholly unfelt. When a certain time elapses, and when a movement is observable, the authorities think it useful to lay their hands on a few dozens. To do this it is necessary to entice them out of their hiding-places, as rats are coaxed out of their holes. In the mean time the traps are prepared, and as the conspirators become visible or tangible, they are caught when least aware of their danger. The rat-catchers in the present instance have been rather successful, though it is probable that at least one-third of the arrested are agents of the secret police.

TRIUMPHS OF MADAME CASTIGLIONE.

A well-informed Paris correspondent says: "I regret to say that the Imperial Court is daily becoming more and more a subject of scandalous conversations. The Emperor's passion for the beautiful Countess de Castiglione is said to increase daily, and his manner of carrying on his amour is thought to be very reprehensible. Madame de Castiglione lives in the avenue Montaigne, and on either side of her house there is an entrance, back and front, the former of which is said to be the most agreeable to his Majesty. The accusations against the Emperor are two-fold—first, because of his infidelity to one whom from a comparatively obscure position he raised to the throne, over the heads of many competitors—invisible though they might be—and secondly, because of the undignified and incautious manner of prosecuting it. Sentinels and pickets of patrol are stationed along the roseate path which leads to the bower of the fair countess; but this has not prevented more than one attempt on the imperial suitor's life, and I am informed on good authority, that, in addition to the discovery made last week, for which four parties are now in custody, another attempt was made on Tuesday last, when a pistol ball was discharged at him just as his Majesty mounted the steps, and lodged in the roof of the *porte cochère*. The husband of Madame de Castiglione has, I find, a place of considerable emolument in the ministry."

GENERAL TODTLEBEN AT PARIS.

The famous Todtleben is at Paris, and is, of course, rather *fêted* among official people. He remained with the Emperor nearly an hour at his first audience. The Emperor asked him whether, if the French and English had marched on Sebastopol at once after the battle of the Alma, they could have taken it? General Todtleben declared that there was no doubt about it, as there were but two or three battalions in the place. This opinion was subsequently expressed by him to others.

LONGCHAMPS IN HOLY WEEK.

An observant correspondent writes: "This is Holy Week, and, *more suo*, Paris is in all the throes of Longchamps. A little prayer, less penitence, and abundance of gay plumage in horse and harness and toilette is the way we put on sackcloth and ashes in this gay capital. The famous Abbaye de Longchamps in the Bois de Boulogne, founded in the thirteenth century by Isabella of France, sister of Saint Louis, which, about the year 1760, was suddenly found to be an object of such intense attraction in consequence of its melodious choir of nuns, has long since passed away. But the procession of carriages it gave rise to has remained. The nuns no longer pour forth their pious *tenebro* in the woodlawns, and draw the gay people of the capital to catch the listening sound, but the long line of carriages still moves in the same direction, as a special advertisement for commercial purposes. The promenade de Longchamps takes place in the Champs Elysees and the Bois de Boulogne always on the Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in Passion Week, and the bonnets, the dresses, the general toilet, and the new turn-outs are *chef d'œuvres* of the different artists here, specially kept back for this occasion. The early scenes of the revolution of 1789 suspended for a while this annual pageant until after the 18th Brumaire, when the promenade was again resumed, and Napoleon III., in recognition of the revival given to this usage by his uncle, has always made a point of specially patronizing it by his presence. Yesterday he and the Empress—it is observed that of late they do not ride together so much as formerly—made their appearance in the same carriage, and it is presumed will continue to do so during the three days. The grand day of all is Good Friday, when the string of vehicles is so long as to reach from the Arch of Triumph down to the Hotel de Ville, a distance of about three miles. The improvement in carriages, horses, livery servants, and all that pertains to the luxurious exterior of wealth is visible every year, and the progress that has been made during the last quarter of a century is positively prodigious. Not a vestige of those lumbering vehicles, cart bred, gouty legged horses, and charioteer, half monkey, half Esquimaux, is now to be seen. The best models of English carriages have been rigidly copied and improved upon; horses, too, almost vying with those across the Channel; and the livery servant, if not quite so trim and smart as his English rival, has a great deal more gold and finery upon him."

DISCOVERY OF A NEW SAINT.

The *Univers*, in its last number, urges its readers to pay special veneration to St. Joseph de Cupertin. The Ultramontane journal defies the somnambulists to imitate this saint in some of his miracles. Saint Cupertin cured the sick, and read the human heart; if he was engaged in conversation with a libertine, "he was conscious of an unendurable odor which no tobacco fumes could destroy." But all this is nothing to the miracle which the saint always preferred to perform. "His feet," says the *Univers*, "disliked to touch the ground, and the slightest remembrance of heaven ended this unnatural state by detaching his unspiritualized body from the earth. Many times was he seen elevated in the air to a considerable height in the presence of a crowd mute with awe. The sight of a tabernacle or a crucifix, of an image of the Blessed Virgin, the name of Jesus, or of Mary, pronounced in his presence, was sufficient to bring about this extraordinary phenomenon. One could scarcely say whether he lived more on earth or in heaven.

A DINNER ON HORSE-FLESH.

An experimental dinner was given the other day by the firm of Chevet to a number of *savans* who took the lead some time ago in recommending horse-flesh as a wholesome and nourishing aliment. The banquet, accordingly, consisted almost exclusively of that esculent, and of the Chinese yam, a root which promises, from its nutritive qualities, to become a powerful auxiliary to the potato. Among the guests were M. de St. Hilaire, the originator of hippophagy in France; MM. Moquin, Tandon, and Payen, Members of the Institute; General de Bressols, director of the Artillery Department at the Ministry of War; several eminent agronomists; and Dr. Yvan, a gentleman who has traveled much, and whose claim to be considered a connoisseur in gastronomy rests on the fact that, according to his own account, he has, in the course of his life, eaten of the dog, cat, monkey, rat, lizard, shark, and even leeches! This gentleman relates that the dinner consisted of a bread-soup of horse-broth, boiled horse-flesh (five hours' cooking), Chinese yams stewed in butter, dabs with Dutch sauce, and yams boiled for twelve minutes in water and sal, *vol-au-vents d'amourette* made with the spinal marrow of the horse, a chine of horse (*filet de cheval*) roasted, a truffled turkey, and a pie of *à la mode* horse-flesh. The soup was pronounced excellent, having a flavor which beef broth does not arrive at; the boiled meat could not be distinguished from beef by any outward token, and the taste was nearly the same. The *vol-au-vents*, Dr. Yvan states, would not have disgraced an imperial table. The roast meat was extremely rich in gravy, and emitted a peculiar aroma, not unlike that belonging to good venison. In short, the horse was unanimously pronounced a fit animal for human food. As for the Chinese yam, it was found inferior to the potato in its feculent quality, but superior in taste and flavor. What renders this root particularly interesting to agriculturalists is, that the longer it remains in the ground, the more it increases in bulk and in quality; so that it may be kept in the ground during years of abundance, and brought into the market when a year of scarcity occurs.

DUMAS COOKING AGAIN.

Alexander Dumas, who has been corresponding in England for a Paris journal, has returned to Paris to cook a dinner for Dr. Veron. This was the origin of the whole affair: A fortnight or more ago, Dr. Veron, the author of the "Bourgeois de Paris," and known for his gastronomic superiority, gave a dinner to M. and Madame de Girardin, to Dumas *père*, and to Madame Cabel, the singer of the Opera Comique. Dumas affirmed he could himself dress one better still. A wager was laid. Dumas fixed the 16th of April, on account of the preparations required. The wager is this; if Dr. Veron admits the dinner to be better than any he ever ate, he is to pay whatever it costs; if not, Dumas is to pay. One dish is to be a roasted lobster, with a marvelous sauce; another is a dish of spinach, which lies for three days soaking in goose grease, and is to be served with gravy extracted solely from mutton kidneys. In a certain set, who are near upon the confines of the *demi-monde*, this dinner is talked of as an event; and Rossini (a vast authority on the subject) has given his opinion that Dumas is one of the finest cooks in the world.

ITALY.

HOW THE KING OF NAPLES SUPPORTS HIS POLICE.

According to the statement of the latest Neapolitan budget, said to be of 1856, the Director of Police receives 3600 ducats a year; the Prefect 3000 ducats; to secret expenses are devoted 14,400 ducats; and the sum total of the expenditure for the maintenance of the Ministry and the Prefecture of the Police amounts to 197,662 ducats. A policeman must live as well as any other Neapolitan *employé*, and he will, and he does so, by the same means—plunder, under the name of *lucri*, treachery, and oppression. Within the last fortnight, a "suspect," one of the many thousands who are under the surveillance of the police, consulted a friend almost in these words: "I am watched by such a policeman; every now and then he comes to me and menaces me with some denunciation if I do not give him two or three piastres. I have already given him forty piastres, but I can not continue it, for I am poor. What must I do?" "I do not know what to advise," was the reply, "for you are threatened with one of two evils—imprisonment or continual plunder." The case of Baron —— is another in point, who in this way was robbed of 2000 ducats. These two instances, so far from being individual cases, form part of a system—a gigantic system of corruption, cruelty, and plunder.

SPAIN.

QUEEN ISABELLA IN AN INTERESTING SITUATION.

The marvels ascribed to the statue of the "Immaculate Conception" will never cease—*Chi Juno Lucina pero pem.* The King and the Court have been surprised by whispers that the Queen was *enceinte*. The King Consort, when applied to for information on the subject, met the inquiry by an assurance that those matters did not concern him. However, the fact appears to be unquestionable, as her Majesty declined to participate in any of the ceremonies carried on with so much pomp in the churches during Passion Week. The Queen Isabella is an inveterate bigot, and would not have missed taking her share in these ceremonial observances could she have avoided it.

AUSTRIA.

THE WASHING OF FEET.

On the 9th ult. the ceremony of "The Washing of Feet" took place at the Austrian Court. At nine o'clock in the morning twenty-four old people—twelve men and as many women—who were dressed in the ancient German costume, were conducted to the "Hall of Ceremony" of the Palace. On their arrival the men were placed on one side of a long table, and the women on the other. As soon as the seniors had taken their seats, their Majesties entered, and placed before them a number of dishes, which were brought in trays by the imperial servers. The Emperor handled the "crockery" in a masterly manner, but the Empress required the assistance of her ladies. After the dishes had been set on the table, they were removed and placed in twenty-four large baskets, which were sent to the rooms occupied by the paupers in the almshouse. At ten o'clock the washing of feet began in the chapel of the palace. The Emperor performed the ceremony on the above-mentioned twelve old men, and the Empress on the women. His Majesty received from the hands of his Lord Steward a gilt ewer, and poured from it a few drops of water on one of the feet of each of the men. After a towel had been pressed once or twice on each of the wetted feet, and a little bag containing thirty-two silver groats had been hung round the necks of the old people, the ceremony was at an end. Her Majesty, who was attended by her Lord Steward, acted in exactly the same way as her imperial consort.

PERSIA.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

We receive from an eye-witness the following spirited account of the charge of the 3d Indian Cavalry upon a square of Persian infantry at Khooshat:

"When Forbes, who commanded this regiment, gave the order to charge, he and his adjutant, young Moore, placed themselves in front of the 6th troop, which was the one directly opposite the nearest face of the square. The other Moore, Malcolmson, and Spens came the least thing behind, riding knee to knee, with spurs in their horses' flanks as if racing after a hog. In rear of them rushed the dark troopers of the 3d, mad to avenge the death of poor Malet at Bushire. In spite of steel, fire, and bullets, they tore down upon the nearest face of the devoted square. As they approached, Forbes was shot through the thigh, and Spen's horse was wounded; but, unheeding, they swept onward. Daunted by the flashes and the fire, and the noise and crackle of the musketry, the younger Moore's horse swerved as they came up. Dropping his sword from his hand and letting it hang by the knot at his wrist, he caught up the reins in both hands, screwed his head straight, and then coolly, as if riding at a fence, leaped him at the square. If, therefore, any man can be said to have been first, the younger Moore is that man. Of course the horse fell stone dead upon the bayonets; so did his brother's, ridden with equal courage and determination. The elder Moore—eighteen stone in weight, and six feet seven inches, or thereabouts, in height—cut his way out on foot. Malcolmson took one foot out of his stirrup when he saw his brother officer down and unarmed (for his sword had been broken to pieces by the fall), and holding on to that, the younger Moore escaped. The barrier once broken, and the entrance once made, in and through it poured the avenging troopers. On and over every thing they rode till, getting clear out, they re-formed on the other side, wheeled and swept back—a second wave of rain. Out of five hundred Persian soldiers of the 1st Regular Regiment of Fars who composed that fated square, only twenty escaped to tell the tale of its destruction. Thus the 3d Light Cavalry, to use their own phrase, gave our enemies "a *jewab* (answer) for the death of Malet Sakib Bahadur."

CHINA.

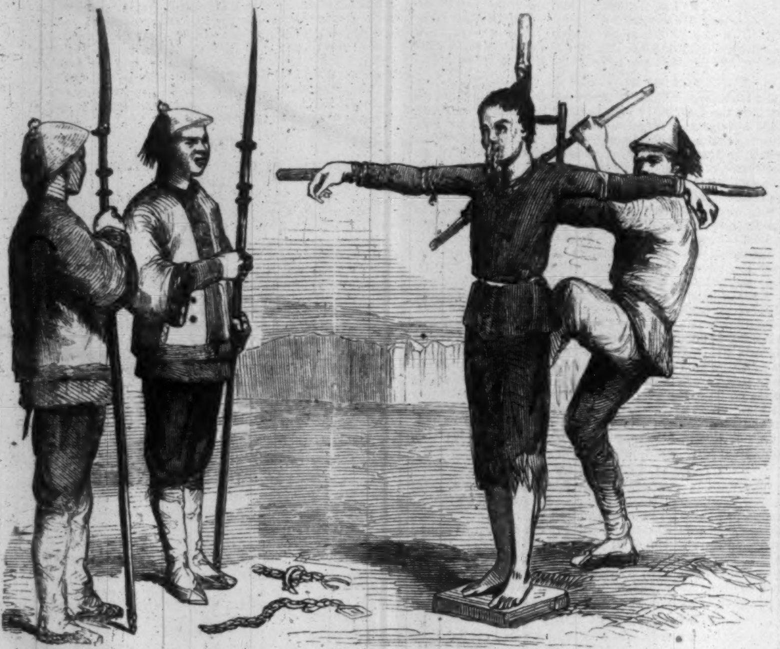
A-LUM, THE BREAD POISONER, ACQUITTED.

Full details of the great poisoning trial at Hong Kong have come to hand. It occupied the Supreme Court four days. Ten Chinese were arraigned before the Chief Justice. The Attorney-General prosecuted; five lawyers defended the prisoners; and six Englishmen formed the jury. A large number of witnesses were examined. It was clearly established that bread containing arsenic had been sold at the bakery of A-Lum. Several cases of direct sickness were proved. It was also proved that A-Lum was present when the dough was making. On the other hand, A-Lum deposed that he had himself eaten of the bread, and suffered sickness; that his departure for Macao, on the morning of the issue of the poisoned bread, was caused by his desire to take his father, wife, and family home. A reward had been offered for his head, and he did not intend to go to Canton himself. When he heard that something had happened to the bread, he offered the captain of the steamer first fifty, then a hundred dollars to take him back to Hong Kong. They would not put back, and he was soon after arrested by Mr. Robinet. As there was no direct evidence to prove who had put the arsenic in the bread issued from A-Lum's shop, he and all his men were acquitted.

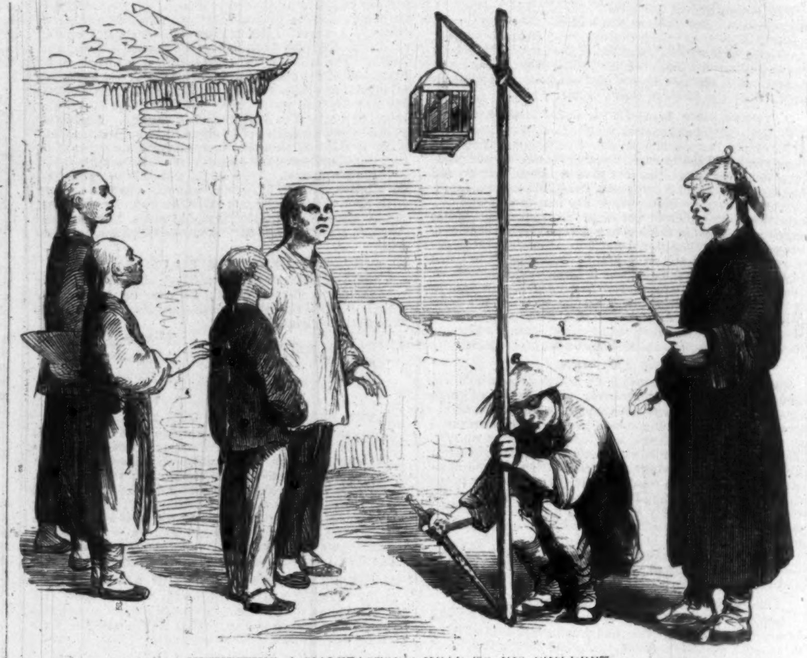
NICARAGUA.

THE SIEGE OF RIVAS.

The latest news from Nicaragua comes from the Costa Rican filibusters. It is to the effect that they hold the river San Juan, in consequence of Lockridge's retreat, and the only exit from Rivas on the Pacific side, so that Walker is hemmed in. They write, as usual, confident of victory. The commander, Mora, declares that he will finish Walker at ten in the morning on 20th April. We do not hear what Henningsen thinks of this very precise sentence.



THE CHINESE GARROTE.



EXHIBITING A MALEFACTOR'S HEAD TO HIS CHILDREN.

CELESTIAL JURISPRUDENCE.

IT is possible to have too much of even so good a thing as civilization. The Chinaman is a case in point. It is not fair to call him a barbarian. It is not lack, but superfluity of culture, which dwarfs the moral sense and sentiments of the individual Chinaman, and works the political degradation of his country.

We Yankee barbarians are content to leave something to chance. We feel the inconvenience of this, and certain of us—our toes or our friends' toes having suffered from a chance tread—exclaim violently, and strike out viciously, against this "imperfection" of things. It is what lawyers, with a sharp eye to fees, have denominated "the glorious uncertainty of the law"—a very troublesome thing to the individual sometimes, but resulting mostly in the general good.

Now China is a country finished and fenced (or walled) in, and of course nothing can be left to chance there. Celestial sages, philosophers, and emperors have been tinkering away at the Chinese law-code these many centuries, until the result is the China of the present day.

CHINESE LEGISLATION.

Chinese legislation is, as may be supposed, the most complicated, the most unreasonable, the most barbarous, and the most absurd imaginable. Its great aim is to provide beforehand for all possible or conceivable circumstances of crime or misdemeanor. Its results are, a cumbersome, unmanageable code; undue legal interference in such family and personal affairs as are best regulated by public opinion, custom, and private conscience; and, finally, a barbarous severity and ingenious variety of punishments.

THE BAMBOO.

The bamboo is the favorite punishment of the Celestials. An old traveler says: "Of a surety here men be always beating or being beaten." In fact, these are the two alternatives in Celestial life. A Chinaman's rise in the world is just this—from being the recipient of the bamboo to being its administrator. The viceroy bamboos the mandarins, these bamboo the inferior officers, these in turn bamboo the common people. And even the last have flagelatory privileges, for the husband bamboos his wife, and the father his son—no matter what his age.

THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS IN CHINA.

The chapter of accidents is lamentably small among the Celestials. To be sure, a common Chinaman may break his water-jar or pickle-bottle, or even his leg or neck, without becoming liable to the bamboo. But the viceroy of the province is personally responsible for all beyond these minor mischances. If a conflagration occur within his jurisdiction, it is taken for granted that he has not exercised sufficient vigilance over the straw-thatched huts of his subjects. Do the crops fail? His gold-buttoned Excellency is degraded; for had he taken care, this could not have happened. Does an unusual fall of rain cause the river to overflow its banks? Off goes the golden button—and perhaps the head beneath; for was not its owner appointed viceroy expressly to prevent disorder?

Moreover, the high officials hold their inferiors equally responsible for the safety of the departments under their care. The magistrates inflict upon the subordinate police more severe punishments than they themselves receive; and, finally, the Celestial Policeman X visits upon the heads of the families under his charge the transgressions of their wives, children, dogs, pigs, and ducks.

The penal code of China is arranged under no less than fifteen hundred and fifty-seven heads. The punishments are barbarous and undiscriminating in the extreme. For treason, not only the criminals but their families are punished. Mandarins are degraded, stripped of their riches, forced to do menial offices, or bambooed.

A CELESTIAL COURT-ROOM.

The manner of administering justice in China is exceedingly summary. For the accused there is scarce any protection. The ordinary tribunals have but one judge. The accused remains on his knees during the entire period of his trial. If a witness displeases the mandarin who acts as judge, he also is whipped and cuffed till his answers are more in accordance with his Honor's opinion of the case. This has been decided beforehand, according to the amount of bribes handed in. In fact, to go before a Chinese court without a bribe would argue great stupidity in the litigant, and would very properly, according to the Celestial sense of justice, cause him to lose his case.

Thieves and rioters—as disturbers of the natural and quiet order of things—are very severely punished in China. Fines, the bastinado, blows on the face with thick pieces of leather, the cangue or portable pillory, the iron cage, in which the unfortunate prisoner is confined in a crouching position, perpetual exile, and death by strangulation or decapitation—these are the various grades of punishment inflicted.

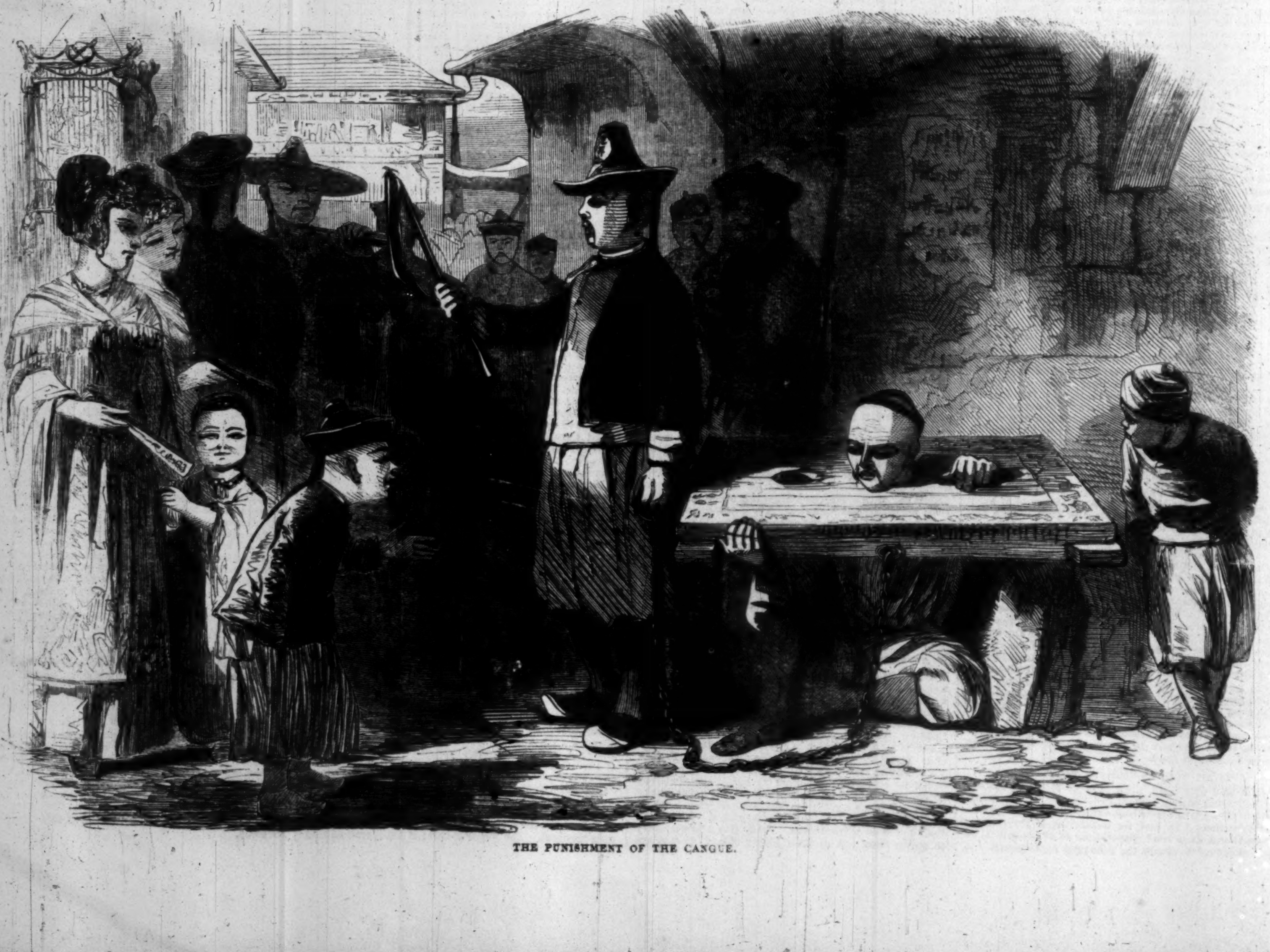
CHINESE OFFICE-SEEKERS.

It may be curious to glance for a moment at a few of the Chinese laws. The Celestials are great office-seekers. They must at one time have carried the matter to great excess, perhaps worried to death some poor Emperor. According to a law at present in force, it is considered treasonable to send to the Emperor any recommendation of a third person to office or honors. Death is the punishment for such offense. Also, it is a punishable offense to use in any address the name of the Emperor, or to throw stones at the Imperial residence, or to assume the Imperial name. The bamboo cleanses of these offenses. The bamboo, too, is applied to the judge who has rendered a mistaken verdict. But death is the portion of that official who has (by accident) sealed a mandarin's letter wrongly.

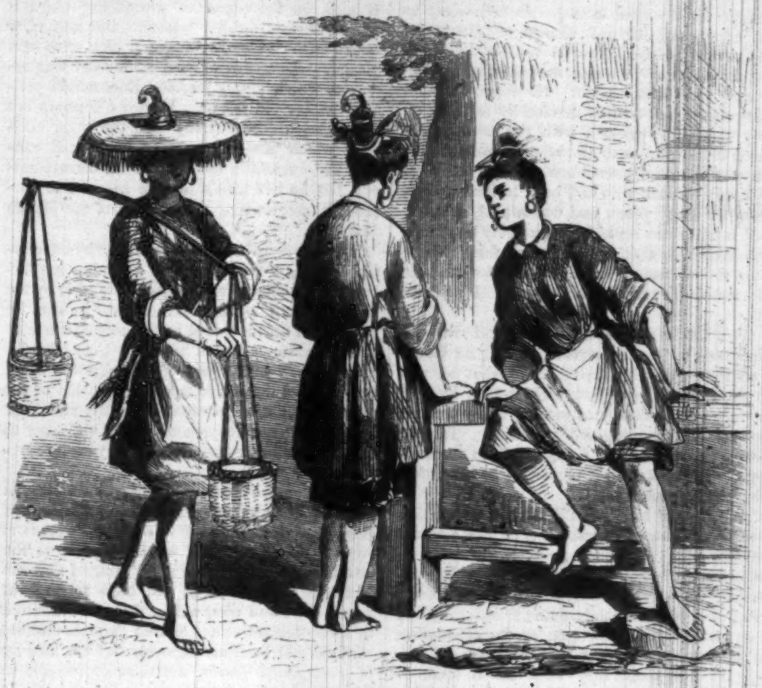
For fear that, after all the existing and prospective laws and sub-laws, there should still be cases which not even Chinese wisdom could foresee, the following law is enacted:

"Whoever shall observe a line of conduct which offends propriety, and which is contrary to the spirit of the laws, *even without any special infraction of any of their enactments*, shall be punished with forty blows, or with eighty if the impropriety be very great."

Of course this includes every body; and there is, therefore, no case in which a mandarin may not consistently administer the bamboo, to the extent of at least from forty to eighty blows.



THE PUNISHMENT OF THE CANGUE.



CHINESE WOMEN OF THE NORTHERN PROVINCES.

BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF WITNESSES AND SUSPECTED PERSONS.

To contumacious witnesses and to suspected robbers the Chinese officials are very severe. M. Huc, one day on the road to Pekin, met a party of soldiers, with an officer at their head, escorting a number of carts, in which were literally piled up a crowd of Chinese who were uttering horrible cries. Says he: "We were seized with horror on perceiving that these unfortunate creatures were nailed by the hand to the planks of the cart. A satellite whom we interrogated replied, with frightful coolness: 'We've been routing out a nest of thieves. We had not chains enough to secure all, and were thus obliged to contrive some plan to prevent their escape. So you see we nailed them by the hands.'" This fellow thought it a very ingenious contrivance.

LAWS CONCERNING MARRIAGES.

The Celestial regulations concerning marriage are very strict. It is forbidden to marry during "the period set for mourning" the death of a father or mother. It is forbidden to marry a person bearing the same name, or one guilty of crime, or a musician, or an actor, or a widow whose former husband has distinguished himself. The inevitable bamboo is the punishment for transgressions of these laws. Parties safely married, who can not agree together, may separate. Divorces are also granted for the following causes: sterility, immorality, contempt of the husband's father or mother, propensity to slander or theft, a jealous temper, or habitual ill health. A man is allowed to have but one wife by law, and the law punishes him with eighty blows of the bamboo for every additional wife he brings home. The secondary wives—of whom there are a great plenty—have no rights whatever. The children of the legitimate wife wear no mourning for them at their death. But if they should omit the mourning dress upon the demise of their own mother, the inevitable bamboo would be administered. The Chinaman takes care to use all the liberty left him by the innumerable laws. His legitimate wife he dare not put away except for causes specified above. His additional wives the law does not recognize, and he therefore treats them as he pleases.

ROBBERS AND PARRICIDES TORTURED.

Robbers are tortured. One of the modes of torture is this: The culprit is suspended by the wrists and heels to two ropes hanging from the ceiling of the court-room. His body is thus thrown into the form of a bow. Beneath stand executioners, with rattan-canes and stout leather straps. These are applied with might and main to the body vibrating above.

Parricides are subjected to the torture of the knife. This is inflicted thus: The executioner takes out, at random, a knife, from a basketful of these instruments. Each knife bears the name of some portion of the body. This portion is cut off, and another knife drawn out. The victim sometimes lingers long under horrible tortures.

Next to the bamboo in frequency of application is the *cangue*, or walking-pillory, of which a representation is given with this article. This is a heavy wooden frame, divided into two parts, but connected at one side by a hinge, and (when shut up) fastened on the other side by a screw or bolt. In the centre of this frame is a hole—*i. e.*, a semicircular piece is cut out of the *internal* sides of each portion of the machine, so that when closed a circular aperture appears. In this aperture the neck of the culprit is inclosed, so that it forms, as it were, a huge collar; and when his hands are caught up in two smaller holes, one at each side of the larger one, his misery is complete. The fastening of the machine is sealed by the committing mandarin, a paper containing the record of the poor wretch's crimes is posted on the frame, and he is sent forth to wander. Or, rather, he is sent forth at the end of a chain, to be trailed by an official, every morning, into some public place—there to stand, only too happy if there be a good, comfortable wall to recline against till night comes, and he is led back to the jail. The horror of the punishment consists in this: that the cangue weighs from sixty to two hundred pounds; and it is sometimes never taken from the culprit's neck for six months. It is commonly worn for several weeks.

A CELESTIAL GARROTE.

Where a number of criminals are to be executed at once, they are brought to the scene of death in wicker cages, out of which they are emptied, just as a brutal fellow would throw a pig out of a similar receptacle. When there is but one culprit, he is generally made an example of by being led to the execution place on foot. A flat lath, or strip of wood, which is attached to his neck in such a manner as to project above his head, bears, in Chinese characters, a description of his crime.

If he is to be decapitated, the victim is compelled to kneel. The executioner's assistants then seize him from behind, passing their arms beneath his, and giving him a swinging movement. This causes him to stretch out his neck. The executioner stands in front, holding his sword in both hands. Using all his strength, the sword descends upon the outstretched neck. A second blow is seldom needed, travelers tell us. "At every three or four blows the executioner changed his sword, which seemed to grow dull. The execution of fifty-three poor wretches only lasted a few minutes."

A more cruel punishment is the collar, by means of which the victim is garroted. He is firmly attached to a cross, his feet and arms being fastened by cords, and his tail or queue serving to secure the head. A cord is then passed about the neck, and gradually tightened by means of a lever, at the back of the cross, till the sufferer expires. In the extremity of his agony the blood gushes from mouth, ears, nose, and eyes.

Finally, the head is cut off, placed in an open cage, and hoisted to the top of a high pole, as a warning to the public. The malefactor's children are also brought to view the head of their sire. Near the towns, and where robbers abound, often fifty or sixty of these heads, in all stages of decomposition, are hung up by the road-side.

THE STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN.

THE engraving given below is a faithful representation of the *Great Eastern*, the steamship now building at the dock-yard of Scott, Russell, & Co., at Milwall, on the Thames, England. She will be the largest vessel ever constructed, and will afford another example of the progress the English are making in steam navigation, while we are idle.

Figures convey but a faint idea of the immensity of this mammoth ship. Those who have seen the *Niagara* may realize her bulk when we say that she is twice as long, and nearly five times the tonnage of that giant of the navy. Four times up and down her deck will make a mile's walk. Seen afloat she will resemble a village adrift, with pipes and masts by way of trees.

She is built wholly of iron plates. Each plate was separately designed by the builder, Mr. Brunel, as there are but a few amidships, out of the whole ten thousand, which resemble each other in shape. He made an exact pattern in wood of each; steam shears cut plates of iron to match, a steam roller curved them to suit, and a steam punch punched holes for the bolts. These were applied at a white heat, and riveted close; the contraction which occurred when they cooled drew the plates together with irresistible force. She is built in sixteen water-tight compartments; ten walls of iron, at distances of sixty feet from each other, divide her transversely; and a longitudinal wall bisects her for about half her length. Thus, were she, by any possible mishap, to run upon a rock, or be shattered by storms, she might dissolve into a dozen or more perfectly seaworthy craft.

One wonders what possible propelling power can be brought to bear on so vast a mass. Mr. Brunel has determined not to trust to one, but to combine paddle-wheels, screw, and sails. The *Great Eastern* has two wheels, 56 feet in diameter, driven by four engines with a nominal power of 1000 horses, with cylinders six feet two inches in diameter, and stroke of 14 feet. She has a screw of 24 feet diameter, moved by engines equal in power to 1600 horses. The fans of this screw are so gigantic that a spectator said he could compare them to nothing but the blade bones of some huge animal of the pre-Adamite world. And finally she has, as the sketch below certifies, seven masts, two of which are square rigged; on the seven she can spread 6500 square yards of canvas. The British engineers and ship-builders calculate that her screw and paddle-wheels will drive her through the water at the rate of 16 knots or say 19 miles per hour; so that except with a very strong breeze from the right quarter, she will not gain any thing by hoisting sail.

But the most wonderful part of this very wonderful vessel will be her arrangements for the carriage of passengers. They dwarf our largest river and lake craft into ridiculous insignificance. For passenger purposes she will be divided into three sections; the centre of the vessel will be appropriated to first-class passengers; the after part to second class; the for'ard compartments to steerage passengers. The choice berths have been selected amid-ships, because it is believed that there will be no motion of any kind felt there; thus the most susceptible person will be able to perform a month's voyage in the first cabin of the *Great Eastern* without an hour's sea-sickness. As she is built for the Australian trade, and will cross the tropics, care has been taken not to crowd the berths; yet she is calculated to carry 800 first class, 2000 second class, and 1200 third class passengers. In case of need, the builders say that she could accommodate 10,000 troops, besides the crew of 400 men.

Each of these classes will be as separate and distinct as if they were on board different vessels. Each department will have its own saloons for feeding, reading-room, galleys, and bar; to communicate with passengers fore or aft, the first-class people will have to climb the hatchway to the main deck.

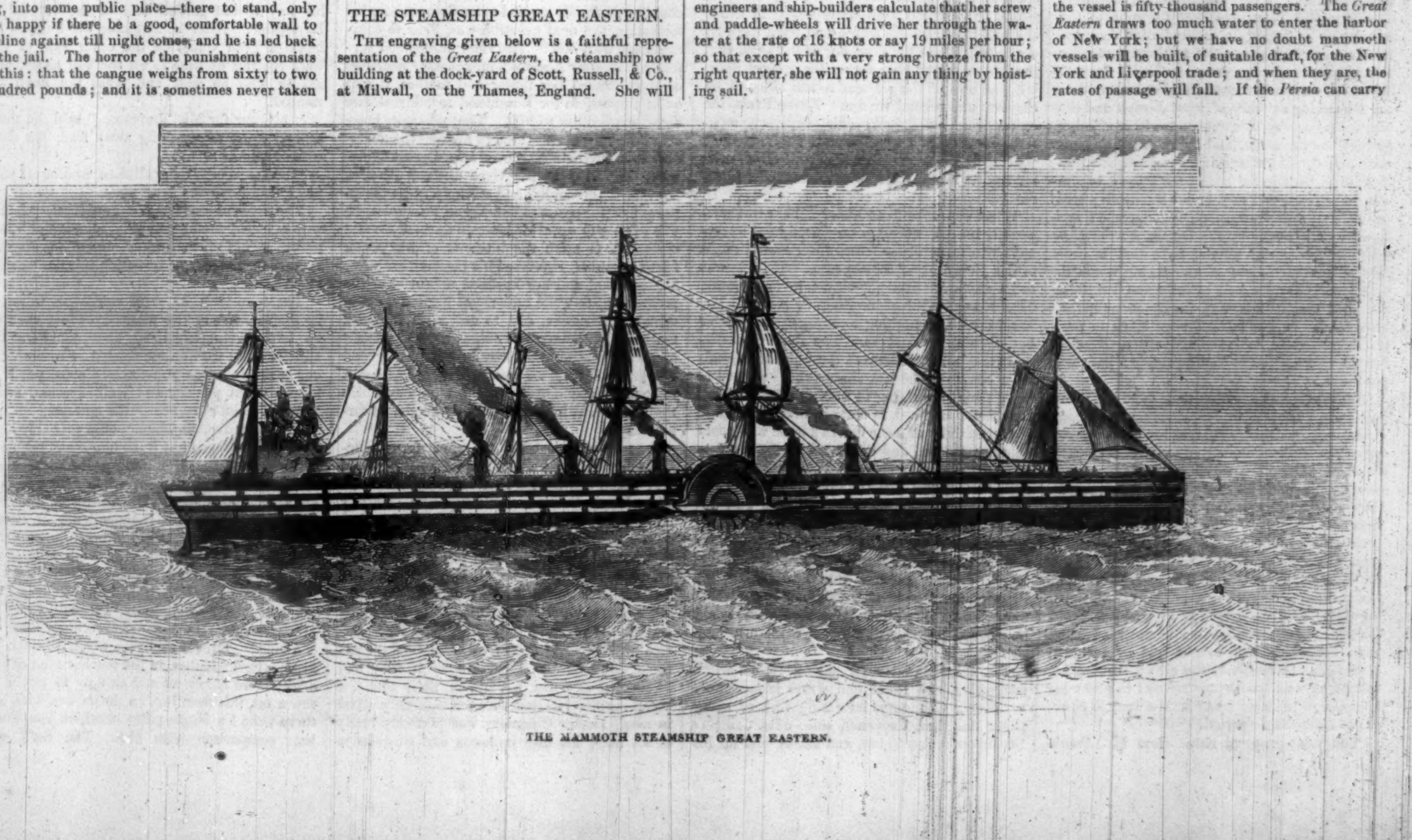
The rates of passage fixed by the company illustrate the practical effect of this new plan of ship-building. The voyage to Australia will, it is calculated, take from thirty-three to thirty-six days; yet the fare will be for first-class passengers $325, for second class $175, for third class $125; in other words $10 per day for first class, and $4 for steerage passengers, including provisions.

Nothing demonstrates the aptitude of the English to avail themselves of the progress of science better than the applications of late discoveries and inventions to the working of this ship. She is to be lighted throughout with gas, made on board; and on dark nights, the electric light, on the main-top, will shed a spurious moonlight upon deck. To save labor, the anchor will be weighed, and the sails hoisted by steam; in case of accident, the same steam power can be applied to the pumps. Finally, a system of electric telegraphs will enable the captain standing amid-ships to communicate instantaneously, in any weather, with the man at the helm, the engineer, and the look-out man forward. Modern science will indeed be epitomized and exhausted in this admirable vessel.

In order to provide against any possible accident, she is provided with two fine steamers in guise of paddle-box boats, each ninety feet long, and a large number of patent bellows life-boats. In these, should some unforeseen casualty destroy all the compartments, the whole complement of the passengers and crew can be rescued.

We trust these hasty memoranda, together with the engraving, may enable our readers to realize the great stride which steam navigation has taken in the construction of the *Great Eastern*. Doubtless she inaugurates a new era in ship-building. The main principle which dictated her construction was the expense of navigating steamers from England to Australia and the East Indies, when the coal for the return voyage had to be sent to meet them in sailing vessels. The mammoth ships will carry, besides passengers and 5000 tons freight, coal enough for the round voyage. The saving in this item alone will constitute a handsome dividend on the investment.

It is an established commercial maxim that cost diminishes in proportion to increase of consumption. *Harper's Weekly* can be sold for five cents, because nearly seventy thousand copies are printed; were the issue only seven thousand, the cost would be nearer fifty cents per copy. It is so, to some degree, with steamers. A vessel which carries one thousand passengers can carry them at a far less price, in proportion to her cost, than a vessel which only carries one hundred; and the price is still further diminished when the capacity of the vessel is fifty thousand passengers. The *Great Eastern* draws too much water to enter the harbor of New York; but we have no doubt mammoth vessels will be built, of suitable draft, for the New York and Liverpool trade; and when they are, the rates of passage will fall. If the *Persia* can carry



THE MAMMOTH STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN.

passengers for $120, a vessel of 20,000 tons could carry them for $50.

We have briefly alluded to the superiority of the *Great Eastern* over smaller craft in respect of convenience. From the observations of Dr. Scoresby on the height and length of sea waves, it is reckoned that, except in very severe storms, the *Great Eastern* will not be swayed by the motions of the sea—will neither pitch nor roll. In average weather, when ordinary vessels toss about in the fashion so unpleasantly familiar to landsmen, she will be as steady as a wharf, and passengers may go from England to Australia in her without an hour's seasickness. To nautical men, this may seem a trifle; but we feel satisfied it will be esteemed no slender boon by the bulk of the traveling public.

The time will come—we trust it is not far distant—when the great passenger business between this country and Europe will be performed by vessels resembling floating cities, with all the conveniences of our best hotels; without any of the standard nautical inconveniences, such as sea-sickness and unpleasant confinement; with libraries, reading-rooms, gas, drawing-rooms, suites of apartments, etc., etc.; the whole for a fraction of the sum which is now paid for a very comfortless voyage indeed.

A few weeks hence we shall have an opportunity of seeing the monster of the seas in the iron. Her trial trip will be made to Portland, Maine, no other harbor in the United States being capable of receiving her. She is to be launched in August, and may be expected at Portland some time in September. Half the United States will, of course, flock to see her; they will not forget, we trust, in the pleasure of beholding so wonderful a work of science, the honor that is due to her builder—the immortal Brunel.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH. AN OLD FRIEND AND A NEW SCHEME.

IN declaring, positively, that the boy whom she had seen digging on the moor had followed her uncle and herself to the post-town of Porthgenna, Sarah had asserted the literal truth. Jacob had tracked them to the inn, had waited a little while about the door, to ascertain if there was any likelihood of their continuing their journey that evening, and had then returned to Porthgenna Tower to make his report, and to claim his promised reward.

The same night the housekeeper and the steward devoted themselves to the joint production of a letter to Mrs. Frankland, informing her of all that had taken place, from the time when the visitors first made their appearance to the time when the gardener's boy had followed them to the door of the inn. The composition was plentifully garnished throughout with the flowers of Mr. Munder's rhetoric, and was, by a necessary consequence, inordinately long as a narrative, and hopelessly confused as a statement of facts.

It is unnecessary to say that the letter, with all its faults and absurdities, was read by Mrs. Frankland with the deepest interest. Her husband and Mr. Orridge, to both of whom she communicated its contents, were as much amazed and perplexed by it as she was herself. Although the discovery of Mrs. Jazeph's departure for Cornwall had led them to consider it within the range of possibility that she might appear at Porthgenna, and although the housekeeper had been written to by Rosamond under the influence of that idea, neither she nor her husband were quite prepared for such a speedy confirmation of their suspicions as they had now received. Their astonishment, however, on first ascertaining the general purport of the letter, was as nothing compared with their astonishment when they came to those particular passages in it which referred to Uncle Joseph. The fresh element of complication imparted to the thickening mystery of Mrs. Jazeph and the Myrtle Room, by the entrance of the foreign stranger on the scene, and by his intimate connection with the extraordinary proceedings that had taken place in the house, fairly baffled them all. The letter was read again and again; was critically dissected paragraph by paragraph; was carefully annotated by the Doctor for the purpose of extricating all the facts that it contained from the mass of unmeaning words in which Mr. Munder had artfully and lengthily involved them; and was finally pronounced, after all the pains that had been taken to render it intelligible, to be the most mysterious and bewildering document that mortal pen had ever produced.

The first practical suggestion, after the letter had been laid aside in despair, emanated from Rosamond. She proposed that her husband and herself (the baby included, as a matter of course) should start at once for Porthgenna, to question the servants minutely about the proceedings of Mrs. Jazeph and the foreign stranger who had accompanied her, and to examine the premises on the north side of the house, with a view to discovering a clew to the locality of the Myrtle Room, while events were still fresh in the memories of witnesses. The plan thus advocated, however excellent in itself, was opposed by Mr. Orridge on medical grounds. Mrs. Frankland had caught cold by exposing herself too carelessly to the air on first leaving her room, and the Doctor refused to grant her permission to travel for at least a week to come, if not for a longer period.

The next proposal came from Mr. Frankland. He declared it to be perfectly clear to his mind, that the only chance of penetrating the mystery of the Myrtle Room rested entirely on the discovery of some means of communicating with Mrs. Jazeph. He suggested that they should not trouble themselves to think of any thing unconnected with the accomplishment of this purpose; and he proposed that the servant then in attendance on him at West Winston—a man who had been in his employment for many years, and whose zeal, activity, and intelligence could be thoroughly depended on—should be sent to Porthgenna forthwith, to start the necessary inquiries, and to examine the premises carefully on the north side of the house.

This advice was immediately acted on. At an hour's notice the servant started for Cornwall thoroughly instructed as to what he was to do, and well supplied with money, in case he found it necessary to employ many persons in making the proposed inquiries. In due course of time he sent a report of his proceedings to his master. It proved to be of a most discouraging nature.

All trace of Mrs. Jazeph and her companion had been lost at the post-town of Porthgenna. Investigations had been made in every direction, but no reliable information had been obtained. People in totally different parts of the country declared readily enough that they had seen two persons answering to the description of the lady in the dark dress and the old foreigner; but when they were called upon to state the direction in which the two strangers were traveling, the answers received turned out to be of the most puzzling and contradictory kind. No pains had been spared, no necessary expenditure of money had been grudged; but, so far, no results of the slightest value had been obtained. Whether the lady and the foreigner had gone east, west, north, or south, was more than Mr. Frankland's servant, at the present stage of the proceedings, could take it on himself to say.

The report of the examination of the north rooms was not more satisfactory. Here, again, nothing of any importance could be discovered. The servant had ascertained that there were twenty-two rooms on the uninhabited side of the house; six on the ground floor opening into the deserted garden; eight on the first floor; and eight above that, on the second story. He had examined all the doors carefully from top to bottom, and had come to the conclusion that none of them had been opened. The evidence afforded by the lady's own actions led to nothing. She had, if the testimony of the servant could be trusted, dropped the keys on the floor of the hall. She was found, as the housekeeper and the steward asserted, lying, in a fainting condition, at the top of the landing of the first flight of stairs. The door opposite to her, in this position, showed no more traces of having been recently opened than any of the other doors of the other twenty-one rooms. Whether the room to which she wished to gain access was one of the eight on the first floor, or whether she had fainted on her way up to the higher range of eight rooms on the second floor, it was impossible to determine. The only conclusions that could be fairly drawn from the events that had taken place in the house were two in number. First, it might be taken for granted that the lady had been disturbed before she had been able to use the keys to gain admission to the Myrtle Room. Secondly, it might be assumed from the position in which she was found on the stairs, and from the evidence relating to the dropping of the keys, that the Myrtle Room was not on the ground floor, but was one of the sixteen rooms situated on the first and second stories. Beyond this, the writer of the report had nothing further to mention, except that he had ventured to decide on waiting at Porthgenna, in the event of his master having any further instructions to communicate.

What was to be done next? That was necessarily the first question suggested by the servant's announcement of the unsuccessful result of his inquiries at Porthgenna. How it was to be answered was not very easy to discover. Mrs. Frankland had nothing to suggest, Mr. Frankland had nothing to suggest, the Doctor had nothing to suggest. The more industriously they all three hunted through their minds for a new idea, the less chance there seemed to be of their succeeding in finding one. At last Rosamond proposed, in despair, that they should seek the advice of some fourth person who could be depended on, and asked her husband's permission to write a confidential statement of their difficulties to the Vicar of Long Beckley. Doctor Chennery was their oldest friend and adviser; he had known them both as children; he was well acquainted with the history of their families; he felt a fatherly interest in their fortunes; and he possessed that invaluable quality of plain, clear-headed common sense which marked him out as the very man who would be most likely, as well as most willing, to help them.

Mr. Frankland readily agreed to his wife's suggestion, and Rosamond wrote immediately to Doctor Chennery, informing him of every thing that had happened since Mrs. Jazeph's first introduction to her, and asking him for his opinion on the course of proceeding which it would be best for her husband and herself to adopt in the difficulty in which they were now placed. By return of post an answer was received, which amply justified Rosamond's reliance on her old friend. Doctor Chennery not only sympathized heartily with the eager curiosity which Mrs. Jazeph's language and conduct had excited in the mind of his correspondent, but he had also a plan of his own to propose for ascertaining the position of the Myrtle Room.

The vicar prefaced his suggestion by expressing a strong opinion against instituting any farther search after Mrs. Jazeph. Judging by the circumstances as they were related to him, he considered that it would be the merest waste of time to attempt to find her out. Accordingly, he passed from that part of the subject at once, and devoted himself to the consideration of the more important question, How Mr. and Mrs. Frankland were to proceed in the endeavor to discover for themselves the mystery of the Myrtle Room?

On this point Doctor Chennery entertained a conviction of the strongest kind, and he warned Rosamond beforehand that she must expect to be very much surprised when he came to the statement of it. Taking it for granted that she and her husband could not hope to find out where the room was, unless they were assisted by some one better acquainted than themselves with the old local arrangements of the interior of Porthgenna Tower, the vicar declared it to be his opinion that there was only one individual living who could afford them the information they wanted, and that this person was no other than Rosamond's own cross-grained relative, Andrew Treverton.

This startling opinion Doctor Chennery supported by two reasons. In the first place, Andrew was the only surviving member of the elder generation who had lived at Porthgenna Tower in the by-gone days when all traditions connected with the north rooms were still fresh in the memories of the inhabitants of the house. The people who lived in it now were strangers, who had been placed in their situations by Mr. Frankland's father, and the servants employed in former days by Captain Treverton were dead or dispersed. The one available person, therefore, whose recollections were likely to be of any service to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland was indisputably the brother of the old owner of Porthgenna Tower.

In the second place, there was the chance, even if Andrew Treverton's memory was not to be trusted, that he might possess written or printed information relating to the locality of the Myrtle Room. By his father's will—which had been made when Andrew was a young man just going to college, and which had not been altered at the period of his departure from England, or at any after time—he had inherited the choice old collection of books in the library at Porthgenna. Supposing that he still preserved these heir-looms, it was highly probable that there might exist among them some plan, or some description of the house as it was in the olden time, which would supply all the information that was wanted. Here, then, was another valid reason for believing that, if a clew to the position of the Myrtle Room existed any where, Andrew Treverton was the man to lay his hand on it.

Assuming it, therefore, to be proved that the surly old misanthrope was the only person who could be profitably applied to for the requisite information, the next question was, How to communicate with him? The vicar understood perfectly that, after Andrew's inexcusably heartless conduct toward her father and mother, it was quite impossible for Rosamond to address any direct application to him. That obstacle, however, might be surmounted by making the necessary communication proceed from Doctor Chennery. Heartily as the vicar disliked Andrew Treverton personally, and strongly as he disapproved of the old misanthrope's principles, he was willing to set aside his own antipathies and objections to serve the interests of his young friends; and he expressed his perfect readiness, if Rosamond and her husband approved of the proceeding, to write and recall himself to Andrew's recollection, and to ask, as if it was a matter of antiquarian curiosity, for information on the subject of the north side of Porthgenna Tower, including, of course, a special request to be made acquainted with the names by which the rooms had been individually known in former days.

In making this offer, the vicar frankly acknowledged that he thought the chances were very much against his receiving any answer at all to his application, no matter how carefully he might word it, with a view to humoring Andrew's churlish peculiarities. However, considering that, in the present posture of affairs, a forlorn hope was better than no hope at all, he thought it was at least worth while to make the attempt, on the plan which he had just suggested. If Mr. and Mrs. Frankland could devise any better means of opening communications with Andrew Treverton, or if they had discovered any new method of their own for obtaining the information of which they stood in need, Doctor Chennery was perfectly ready to set aside his own opinions and to defer to theirs. In any case, he could only conclude by begging them to remember that he considered their interests as his own, and that all the service he could render them was cheerfully and heartily placed at their disposal.

A very brief consideration of the vicar's friendly letter convinced Rosamond and her husband that they had no choice but gratefully to accept the offer which it contained. The chances were certainly against the success of the proposed application; but were they more unfavorable than the chances against the success of any unaided investigations at Porthgenna? There was, at least, a faint hope of Doctor Chennery's request for information producing some results; but there seemed no hope at all of penetrating a mystery connected with one room only, by dint of wandering blindly through two ranges of rooms which reached the number of sixteen. Influenced by these considerations, Rosamond wrote back to the vicar to thank him for his kindness, and to beg that he would communicate with Andrew Treverton, as he had proposed, without a moment's delay.

Doctor Chennery immediately occupied himself in the composition of the important letter, taking care to make the application on purely antiquarian grounds, and accounting for his assumed curiosity on the subject of the interior of Porthgenna Tower by referring to his former knowledge of the Treverton family, and to his natural interest in the old house with which their name and fortunes had been so closely connected. After appealing to Andrew's early recollections for the information that he wanted, he ventured a step further, and alluded to the library of old books, mentioning his own idea that there might be found among them some plan or verbal description of the house, which might prove to be of the greatest service, in the event of Mr. Treverton's memory not having preserved all particulars in connection with the names and positions of the north rooms. In conclusion, he took the liberty of mentioning that the loan of any document of the kind to which he had alluded, or the permission to have extracts made from it, would be thankfully acknowledged as a great favor conferred; and he added, in a postscript, that, in order to save Mr. Treverton all trouble, a messenger would call for any answer he might be disposed to give, the day after the delivery of the letter. Having completed the application in these terms, the vicar (with many secret misgivings as to results) inclosed it under cover to his man of business in London, with directions that it was to be delivered by a trustworthy person, and that the messenger was to call again the next morning to know if there was any answer.

Three days after this letter had been dispatched to its destination—at which time no tidings of any sort had been received from Doctor Chennery—Rosamond at last obtained her medical attendant's permission to travel. Taking leave of Mr. Orridge with many promises to let him know what progress they made toward discovering the position of the Myrtle Room, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland turned their backs on West Winston, and, for the third time, started on the journey to Porthgenna Tower.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

IT was baking-day in the establishment of Mr. Andrew Treverton, when the messenger intrusted with Doctor Chennery's letter found his way to the garden-door of the cottage at Bayswater. After he had rung three times, he heard a gruff voice, on the other side of the wall, roaring at him to let the bell alone, and asking who he was, and what the devil he wanted.

"A letter for Mr. Treverton," said the messenger, nervously backing away from the door while he spoke.

"Chuck it over the wall then, and be off with you!" answered the gruff voice.

The messenger obeyed both injunctions. He was a meek, modest, elderly man; and when nature mixed up the ingredients of his disposition, the capability of resenting injuries was not among them.

The man with the gruff voice—or, to put it in plainer terms, the man Shrowl—picked up the letter, weighed it in his hand, looked at the address on it with an expression of contemptuous curiosity in his bull-terrier's eyes, put it in his waistcoat pocket, and walked round lazily to the kitchen entrance of the cottage.

In the apartment which would probably have been called the pantry, if the house had belonged to civilized tenants, a hand-mill had been set up; and, at the moment when Shrowl made his way to this room, Mr. Treverton was engaged in asserting his independence of all the millers in England by grinding his own corn. He paused irritably in turning the handle of the mill, when his servant appeared at the door.

"What do you come here for?" he asked. "When the flour's ready, I'll call for you. Don't let's look at each other oftener than we can help! I never set eyes on you, Shrowl, but I ask myself whether, in the whole range of creation, there is any animal as ugly as man? I saw a cat, this morning, on the garden wall, and there wasn't a single point in which you would bear comparison with him. The cat's eyes were clear—yours are muddy. The cat's nose was straight—yours is crooked. The cat's whiskers were clean—yours are dirty. The cat's coat fitted him—yours hangs about you like a sack. I tell you again, Shrowl, the species to which you (and I) belong is the ugliest on the whole face of creation. Don't let us revolt each other by keeping in company any longer. Go away, you last, worst, infirmest freak of Nature—go away!"

Shrowl listened to this complimentary address with an aspect of surly serenity. When it had come to an end, he took the letter from his waistcoat pocket, without condescending to make any reply. He was, by this time, too thoroughly conscious of his own power over his master to attach the smallest importance to any thing that Mr. Treverton might say to him.

"Now you've done your talking, suppose you take a look at that," said Shrowl, dropping the letter carelessly on a deal-table by his master's side. "It isn't often that people trouble themselves to send letters to you—is it? Who do you think it comes from? I wonder whether your niece has took a fancy to write to you? It was put in the papers, the other day, that she'd got a son and heir. Open the letter, and see if it's an invitation to the christening. The thing wouldn't be complete without you; the company would be sure to want your smiling face at the table to make 'em jolly. Just let me take a grind at the mill, while you go out and get a silver mug. The son and heir expects a mug, you know, and his nurse expects half a guinea, and his mamma expects all your fortune. What a pleasure to make the three innocent creeturs happy! It's shocking to see you pulling wry faces, like that, over the letter. Lord! lord! where can all your natural affection have gone to?—"

"If I only knew where to lay my hand on a gag, I'd cram it into your infernal mouth!" cried Mr. Treverton. "How dare you talk to me about my niece? You wretch! you know I hate her for her mother's sake. What do you mean by harping perpetually on my fortune? Sooner than leave it to the play-actress's child, I'd even leave it to you; and sooner than leave it to you, I would take every farthing of it out in a boat, and bury it forever at the bottom of the sea!" Venting his dissatisfaction in these strong terms, Mr. Treverton snatched up Dr. Chennery's letter, and tore it open in a humor which by no means promised favorably for the success of the vicar's application.

He read the letter with an ominous scowl on his face, which grew darker and darker as he got nearer and nearer to the end. When he came to the signature his humor changed, and he laughed sardonically. "Faithfully yours, Robert Chennery," he repeated to himself. "Yes! Faithfully mine, if I humor your whim. And what if I don't, Parson?" He paused, and looked at the letter again, the scowl reappearing on his face as he did so. "There's a lie of some kind lurking about under these lines of fair writing," he muttered, suspiciously. "I am not one of his congregation: the law gives him no privilege of imposing on *me*. What does he mean by making the attempt?" He stopped again, reflected a little, looked up suddenly at Shrowl, and said to him:

"Have you lit the oven fire yet?"

"No, I haven't," answered Shrowl.

Mr. Treverton examined the letter for the third time—hesitated—then slowly tore it in half, and tossed the two pieces over contemptuously to his servant.

"Light the fire at once," he said. "And, if you want paper, there it is for you. Stop!" he added, after Shrowl had picked up the torn letter. "If any body comes here to-morrow morning to ask for an answer, tell them I gave you the letter to light the fire with, and say that's the answer." With those words Mr. Treverton returned to the mill, and began to grind at it again, with a grin of malicious satisfaction on his haggard face.

Shrowl withdrew into the kitchen, closed the door, and, placing the torn pieces of the letter together on the dresser, applied himself, with the coolest deliberation, to the business of reading it. When he had gone slowly and carefully through it, from the address at the beginning to the name at the end, he scratched reflectively for a little while at his ragged, neglected beard, then folded the letter up carefully and put it in his pocket.

"I'll have another look at it, later in the day," he thought to himself, tearing off a piece of an old newspaper to light the fire with. "It strikes me, just at present, that there may be better things done with this letter than burning it."

Resolutely abstaining from taking the letter out of his pocket again, until all the duties of the household for that day had been duly performed, Shrowl lit the fire, occupied the morning in making and baking the bread, and patiently took his turn afterward at digging in the kitchen-garden. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before he felt himself at liberty to think of his private affairs, and to venture on retiring into solitude with the object of secretly looking over the letter again.

A second perusal of Doctor Chennery's unlucky application to Mr. Treverton helped to confirm Shrowl in his resolution not to destroy the letter. With great pains and perseverance, and much incidental scratching at his beard, he contrived to make himself master of three distinct points in it, which stood out, in his estimation, as possessing prominent and serious importance. The first point which he contrived to establish clearly in his mind was, that the person who signed the name of Robert Chennery was desirous of examining a plan, or printed account, of the north side of the interior of a certain old house in Cornwall, called Porthgenna Tower. The second point appeared to resolve itself into this: that Robert Chennery believed some such plan, or printed account, might be found among the collection of books belonging to Mr. Treverton. The third point was, that this same Robert Chennery would receive the loan of the plan, or printed account, as one of the greatest favors that could be conferred on him. Meditating on the latter fact, with an eye exclusively fixed on the contemplation of his own interests, Shrowl arrived at the conclusion that it might be well worth his while, in a pecuniary point of view, to try if he could not privately place himself in a position to oblige Robert Chennery by searching in secret among his master's books. "It might be worth a five-pound note to me, if I managed it well," thought Shrowl, putting the letter back in his pocket again, and ascending the stairs thoughtfully to the lumber-rooms at the top of the house.

These rooms were two in number, were entirely unfurnished, and were littered all over with the rare collection of books which had once adorned the library at Porthgenna Tower. Covered with dust, and scattered in all directions and positions over the floor, lay hundreds on hundreds of volumes, cast out of their packing-cases as coals are cast out of their sacks into a cellar. Ancient books, which students would have treasured as priceless, lay in chaotic equality of neglect side by side with modern publications whose chief merit was the beauty of the binding by which they were inclosed. Into this wilderness of scattered volumes Shrowl now wandered, fortified by the supreme self-possession of ignorance, to search resolutely for one particular book, with no other light to direct him than the faint glimmer of the two guiding words, Porthgenna Tower. Having got them firmly fixed in his mind, his next object was to search until he found them printed on the first page of any one of the hundreds of volumes that lay around him. This was, for the time being, emphatically his business in life, and there he now stood, in the largest of the two attics, doggedly prepared to do it.

He cleared away space enough with his feet to enable him to sit down comfortably on the floor, and then began to look over all the books that lay within arms-length of him. Odd volumes of rare editions of the classics, odd volumes of the English historians, odd volumes of plays by the Elizabethan dramatists, books of travel, books of sermons, books of jests, books of natural history, books of sports, turned up in quaint and rapid succession; but no book containing on the title-page the words "Porthgenna Tower," rewarded the searching industry of Shrowl for the first ten minutes after he had sat himself down on the floor.

Before removing to another position, and contending with a fresh accumulation of literary lumber, he paused and considered a little with himself, whether there might not be some easier and more orderly method than any he had yet devised of working his way through the scattered mass of volumes which yet remained to be examined. The result of his reflections was, that it would be less confusing to him, if he searched through the books in all parts of the room indifferently, regulating his selection of them solely by their various sizes; disposing of all the largest to begin with; then, after stowing them away together, proceeding to the next largest, and so going on until he came down at last to the pocket volumes. Accordingly, he cleared away another morsel of vacant space, near the wall, and then, trampling over the books as coolly as if they were so many clods of earth on a plowed field, picked out the largest of all the volumes that lay on the floor.

It was an atlas. Shrowl turned over the maps, reflected, shook his head, and removed the volume to the vacant space which he had cleared close to the wall.

The next largest book was a magnificently bound collection of engraved portraits of distinguished characters. Shrowl saluted the distinguished characters with a grunt of Gothic disapprobation, and carried them off to keep the atlas company against the wall.

The third largest book lay under several others. It projected a little at one end, and it was bound in scarlet morocco. In another position, or bound in a quieter color, it would probably have escaped notice. Shrowl drew it out with some difficulty, opened it with a portentous frown of distrust, looked at the title-page—and suddenly slapped his thigh with a great oath of exultation. There were the very two words of which he was in search, staring him in the face, as it were, with all the emphasis of the largest capital letters!

He listened for a moment to assure himself that his master was not moving in the house; then turned to the first leaf of the book, with the intention of looking it over carefully, page by page, from beginning to end. The first leaf was a blank. The second leaf had an inscription written at the top of it, in faded ink, which contained these words and initials: "Rare. Only six copies printed. J. A. T." Below, on the middle of the leaf, was the printed dedication: "To John Arthur Treverton, Esquire, Lord of the Manor of Porthgenna, One of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, F.R.S., &c., &c., &c., this Work, in which an attempt is made to describe the ancient and honored Mansion of his Ancestors." There were many more lines, filled to bursting with all the largest and most obsequious words to be found in the Dictionary, but Shrowl wisely abstained from giving himself the trouble of reading them, and turned over at once to the title-page.

There, indeed, were the all-important words, "The History and Antiquities of PORTHGENNA TOWER, from the period of its first erection to the present time; comprising interesting genealogical particulars relating to the Treverton family; with an Inquiry into the Origin of Gothic Architecture; and a few thoughts on the Theory of Fortification after the period of the Norman Conquest. By the Reverend Job Dark, D.D., Rector of Porthgenna. The whole adorned with Portraits, Views, and Plans, executed in the highest style of Art. Not Published. Printed by Spaldock and Grimes, Truro, 1734."

That was the title-page. The next leaf contained an engraved view of Porthgenna Tower, from the west. Then came several pages devoted to The Origin of Gothic Architecture; then more pages explaining The Norman Theory of Fortification. These were succeeded by another engraving—Porthgenna Tower from the east. After that followed more reading, under the title of The Treverton Family; and then came the third engraving—Porthgenna Tower from the north. Shrowl paused there, and looked with interest at the leaf opposite the print. It only announced more reading still, about the Erection of the Mansion; and this was succeeded by engravings from family portraits in the gallery at Porthgenna. Placing his left thumb between the leaves to mark the place, Shrowl impatiently turned to the end of the book, to see what he could find there. The last leaf contained a plan of the stables; the leaf before that presented a plan of the north garden; and on the next leaf, turning backward, was the very thing described in Robert Chennery's letter—a plan of the interior arrangement of the north side of the house!

Shrowl's first impulse on making this discovery was to carry the book away to the safest hiding-place he could find for it, preparatory to secretly offering it for sale when the messenger called the next morning for an answer to the letter. A little reflection, however, convinced him that a proceeding of this sort bore a dangerously close resemblance to the act of thieving, and might get him into trouble, if the person with whom he desired to deal chose to go through the ceremony of asking him any preliminary questions touching his right to the volume which he wanted to dispose of. The only alternative that remained, if the idea of possessing himself of the book were abandoned, was to make the best copy he could of the plan, and to traffic with that as a document which the most scrupulous person in the world need not hesitate to purchase.

Resolving, after some consideration, to undergo the trouble of making the copy rather than run the risk of purloining the book, Shrowl stole down to the kitchen as softly as he could, took from one of the drawers of the dresser an old stump of a pen, a bottle of ink, and a crumpled half-sheet of dirty letter-paper, and returned to the garret to copy the plan as he best might. It was of the simplest kind, and it occupied but a small portion of the page; yet it presented to his eyes a hopelessly involved and intricate appearance, when he now examined it for the second time.

The rooms were represented by rows of small squares, with names neatly printed inside them; and the positions of doors, stair-cases, and passages, were indicated by parallel lines of various lengths and breadths. After much cogitation, frowning, and pulling at his beard, it occurred to Shrowl that the easist method of copying the plan would be to cover it with the letter-paper—which, though hardly half the size of the page, was large enough to spread over the engraving on it—and then to trace the lines which he saw through the paper as carefully as he could with his pen and ink. He puffed and snorted and grumbled, and got red in the face over his task, but he accomplished it at last—bating certain drawbacks in the shape of blots and smears—in a sufficiently creditable manner; then stopped to let the ink dry and to draw his breath freely, before he attempted to do any thing more.

The next obstacle to be overcome consisted in the difficulty of copying the names of the rooms, which were printed inside the squares. Fortunately for Shrowl, who was one of the clumsiest of mankind in the use of the pen, none of the names were very long. As it was, he found the greatest difficulty in writing them in sufficiently small characters to fit into the squares. One name in particular—that of The Myrtle Room—presented combinations of letters in the word "Myrtle" which tried his patience and his fingers sorely when he attempted to reproduce them. Indeed, the result in this case, when he had done his best, was so illegible, even to his eyes, that he wrote the word over again in larger characters at the top of the page, and connected it by a very wavering line with the square which represented the Myrtle Room. The same accident happened to him in two other instances, and was remedied in the same way. With the rest of the names, however, he succeeded better; and when he had finally completed the business of transcription by writing the title, "Plan of the North Side," his copy presented, on the whole, a more respectable appearance than might have been anticipated. After satisfying himself of its accuracy, by a careful comparison of it with the original, he folded it up along with Dr. Chennery's letter, and deposited it in his pocket with a hoarse gasp of relief, and a grim smile of satisfaction.

The next morning the garden door of the cottage presented itself to the public eye in the totally new aspect of standing hospitably ajar, and one of the bare posts had the advantage of being embellished by the figure of Shrowl, who leaned against it easily, with his legs crossed, his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth, looking out for the return of the messenger who had delivered Doctor Chennery's letter the day before.

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

NAPLES, *March*, 1857.

THE King of Naples has certainly done himself credit by the neat way in which he has snubbed France and England for intermeddling in his family matters. I wish he was sure to read your journal, for I mean to give him a hint by which he could add still more to his reputation, and clothe himself with the blessings of all travelers who visit his dominions. After I lost my baggage, as described in my last, I naturally concluded I was impervious to the assaults of Custom-house officers, and consequently could quietly laugh at their officiousness. But I counted without my host. I had three to pass before entering Naples. At each the traveler is invited to dismount and enter a cut-throat-looking office, peopled with ruffians by the side of which, for politeness, the regular banditti are quite Chesterfieldian. You offer your keys and invite them to examine. This they distinctly refuse to do. In my case I told them my baggage was missing, and if they could find it, they should be welcome to several Napoleons at the very least. It mattered not, baggage or no baggage, I could not leave their office until I had crowned their hands with a certain amount of silver. They retain travelers by force until they extort from them all possible. The three Custom-houses cost me nearly five dollars, besides fees for my passport. Now if his majesty of Naples wishes to know what a nest of robbers he sustains under the guise of his uniform, and how easy it is to introduce through their connivance any prohibited article into his kingdom, let him for once travel incognito from Rome to Naples. He will learn some secrets that will astonish him; at all events, he will see to what indignities quiet travelers are subjected by men claiming to act under his authority, and it is to be hoped he will rectify so disgraceful a system of licensed plunder.

In three things Italy excels America, viz.: in roads, in bread, and in oxen—yea, in three more, viz.: in lying, cheating, and begging: in these six we are far behind them; in temperance, we also lag; while in dirt, stinks, and plainness of speech and bodily habits, we are hopelessly in their rear, and please God may we long remain so. Yet Naples pleases Americans. Its mercurial, vivacious population is congenial; its movement, enterprise, and bustle are quite Gotham-like; and, to do justice to that kingdom, I must confess that it contrasts in its agriculture, buildings, spirit of its population and their general appearance, most favorably with those of Tuscany or the Papal States. The traveler has more liberty here; there are fewer beggars; the surface of things, and that is all the chance traveler can see, is more cleanly and on a better scale as a whole. Rome, at the best, is a melancholy city, and Roman towns are in general like dilapidated sepulchres; the spectres of better things. But in Naples and its environs I noticed a go-a-headativeness and industry that, so far as the material interests of the country are concerned, are encouraging. In short, one feels refreshed to escape from Florence or Rome to Naples; the blood flows freer, and has an American prick to it.

Let me give an instance of the spirit of the hackmen and their ponies—for their horses, at least those I hired, were not much larger than British mastiffs. I wished to make several excursions, and picked up a carriage in the public square at Salerno, the driver of which recommended himself as being quick. He well kept his word. Between ten o'clock that morning and seven in the evening, he drove me fifty miles, allowing me ample time to visit my objects. The next morning, with the same horses, he drove me forty-four more, giving me two hours at Amelfi, and reaching Nocera at two o'clock, and this over a mountainous road, his horses all the way running up hills, some of them several miles long, and trotting down. He then changed his horses and took me to Sorrento, fifteen miles farther, and the next day to Pompeii, making one hundred and twenty miles in an ordinary hack coach in sixteen hours driving, for which his charge was but ten and a half dollars. We were three in the carriage, and in several parts of the route, when I did not object, he took up outside passengers—on one occasion four—saying they were his brothers, but never once failed in arriving at his destination in less than the stipulated time, and his horses showed no distress at his driving.

The most honest, hard-working, and picturesque looking men about Naples, so far as my experience goes, are the fishermen and boatmen. There is something in salt water purifying to the *morals* of the purse. Sailors don't lie and bully like hackmen for their fares, but seem to imbibe a generous frankness and courage, and an openness of character, whether for good or evil, in their passions, from the noble element which yields them their livelihood. But a hackman the world over, with rare exceptions, is a compound of sneak, bully, coward, cheat, and blackguard, as unlike a genuine boatman as a mangy cur is to a Newfoundland dog. I don't mean those fellows that ply their boats about the Mediterranean steamers; they are simply water hackmen, and are unsurpassed in pertinacious lying and trickery by any of their land confederates.

Should you ever wish to go from Sorrento to Capri, dear reader, I can conscientiously recommend the boatman Agnielli to your consideration. He is coxswain of the gig of the Count of Syracuse, and a true sailor every inch of him, with boats as good and sound as he is himself. But unless you are much at a loss to spend your time, I should not advise you to go to Capri. The site of the debaucheries of Tiberius, with its indifferently picturesque views as compared with the coast proper, and its shapeless piles of ruined brickwork, once known as palaces but now mere browsing-places for goats, or sites of famished vineyards, are not sufficiently attractive in themselves to tempt one from the main land. But if you do go, be warned by my experience of two humbugs, viz.: the landlord of the Hotel de Londres, and the renowned Azure Grotto.

First in order is the former. As he is nearest the landing and has scouts out to trap voyagers, the chances are he will lure you into his house. It is prettily situated on an overhanging cliff, the base of which is bathed by the pellucid waters that surround Capri. I presume you have been sufficiently long in Italy not to go to bed without ascertaining what price you are to pay in the morning for sheets that might vie in coarseness with a frigate's main royal, and pillows as hard as Jacob's, on which he dreamed of the ladder to heaven. Mine host will suggest, after your bargaining is concluded, that you should see the Tarantella. Now don't! He will tell you it is only danced in perfection by the sirens of Capri. If you are as fatigued as I was, you will tell him bluntly, "No, you prefer your couch." He will not be put off with this, but tell you the beautiful girls are all in costumes waiting outside to show their national dance to the stranger, and that you need not keep them over a minute; they would be distressed to be sent off after having come up the hill expressly to please your Excellency—"and, really, Sir, it is very pretty; just let them dance a little, you will be ravished, I do promise you."

"Well, well," you reply, "begin and finish quick, if I must see it—"

Before you can turn your head in trip two buxom, square-shouldered, Dutch-built-about-the-hips, middle-aged women, with another still older and uglier, violently beating "ran tam, tam ran—tam ran—ran—ran—ran—s-s-smash;" a venerable bit of circular parchment, to which some bits of tin are attached, to be furiously shaken as the accompaniment. This is the music. In two minutes it gives you a headache bad enough to craze a mule. In the mean time the women commence hopping and jumping, and shaking their hips most ecstatically, now wriggling their arms aloft like flying snakes, then bumping against each other; approaching and receding, circling and circling again like distressed cats in pursuit of their tails, the while bringing their coarse hands together with a crash as of broken drum-heads; and so they go on, more noise, more motion, more fury each minute in monotonous succession of cries, squirming, thumps, stamping, tin chorus, and parchment whacking, until you think them all mad, and you are wholly mad yourself. When the landlord has worked you up into the desire to give him and them "fits," he comes sidling toward your seat with his blandest smile, and whispers with the voice of a two-year old infant in your ear, "It is customary, your Excellency, to give the girls a bottle of wine."

"Give it to them at once, then," I replied, "and send the —— nuisance off." Upon my honor I did not use any profane adjective, but simply told him in addition, "I was diabolically bored by his attempt to amuse me."

"Yes, Sir, subito," he replied, and goes tripping away, grinning as only an Italian innkeeper can grin under his secret thoughts.

In came a waiter with *four* bottles of wine, followed by a thirsty host of idlers, who consumed the whole before I was fairly aware of what they were about. The last I saw of the group they were backing out of the door, wishing me a long life, and, I suppose, many such evenings in their society. Thus ended Act 1st of the Capri Tarantella.

I went to bed.

In the morning I breakfasted and called for my bill. In it were two items which I copy literally, though of a character to give an anxious mother somewhat dubious suggestions as to the performances of an absent son on his tour to know the world:

For bed	120	grani.
" supper	120	"
" candles	30	"
" 4 bottles of wine	120	"
Paid for "otte donne," that is to say, eight women for "il signore"	180	"
etc., etc.		

Mine host had the modesty to charge me three dollars for forcing me to see the Tarantella.

Thus ended Act 2d. The 3d and last was to pay the scot, and acknowledge myself sold.

Now, dear reader, if you wish to see the Tarantella, by going to Capri you can have the privilege for the same price; but, as I said before, don't.

Humbug No. 2 you will discover by going to the Grotto Azurra. I say humbug only in contrast with the description of Murray and the magniloquent views of the cave to be seen every where about Naples, which make it transcend all the fairy creations of the Arabian Nights. If the morning be calm, you are propelled in a sort of low tub toward it at the rate of a mile an hour, by an old Cyclops of a mongrel fisherman, with a bright-eyed young rascal as a coadjutor to labor at the bits of wood, which are neither paddles nor yet oars. Every now and then the scrubby boat turns round on its axis, as if it did not like the business it was in, or like an obstinate pig whose reminiscences of his swill-trough are more active than the whip of his driver. Cyclops tells you it is all owing to your being too much in the stern; but as the boat is all stern, there is no help but to coax it along the best possible. On one side of you is a perpendicular precipice of some five hundred feet high, against which the sea swashes with a sullen, ominous sound. There is not a fragment or splinter to land upon or cling to in case the wind, which in this latitude is given to such things, should suddenly rise and dash you against the rock. Your safety is wholly a question of its continued good behavior for two hours or so. Supposing this, you at last find a small hole in the precipice on a level with the ocean, and about three feet high when the swell recedes, and of no height at all when it rises. Toward this the boatman makes his way, telling you to duck as the boat enters. I promise you you do duck, and lower than ever within your experience for any bridge on the Erie Canal. In fact, to save your brains from being dashed out, you must make yourself up in a second's time into the following form, ○.

We entered the Grotto safely, except chipping the old tub somewhat, and found a cave of an average height of about twenty feet, and nearly circular, with a diameter of a hundred and fifty feet or so. The first disappointment was in size. It is decidedly low and small. The water, owing to the refracted light, is of a beautiful lustrous, ultramarine color, and makes a very pretty effect, but nothing remarkable to an eye accustomed to the varied beauties of nature. You breathe quick, for fear a sudden surf should hermetically close the entrance, and thus leave you "cribbed, coffined, and confined" between earth and ocean, for an indefinite time, without your customary meals. So much blue makes one a little blue himself at the prospect before him. I told Cyclops we had had enough, and bade him go out.

"But, your Excellency, you have seen nothing of the Grotto until you have seen me swim in the water. You will see that I shall look like a body of silver."

I replied that by putting my hand in the water I obtained all the effect necessary for my imagination to suggest the rest.

"You must see it, or else you have not seen the Grotto," he replied. "All the visitors make me swim, and give me a piastre for it."

The secret was out. The old wretch had got us into this hole, and was determined to get a dollar from us, in addition to his fare, before he would take us out.

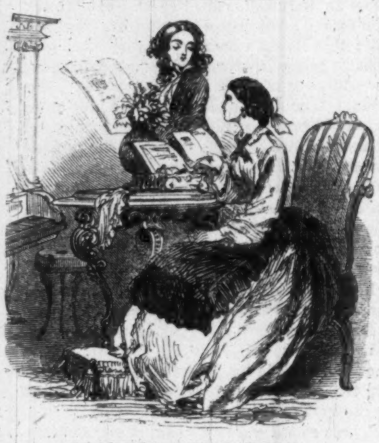
I told him I did not wish him to expose himself in such cold water. But the more I ordered him to return, the more pertinaciously he clamored for a dollar to see him swim. At last he began to abate his price, a sixpence at a breath, until, wearied by his obstinacy, I told him to strip and jump overboard, which he did after landing upon a rocky shelf in the further part of the cave. The effect was that his head looked very black, and his body like the belly of one of our pond shiners; and that was all. Every dolphin combines much more beauty in his egress from the ocean of a clear day and still water within the tropics than did this rapacious mer-man, ultramarine and all thrown in. While he was splashing about, it occurred to me it would serve him right to paddle off, and leave him in the society of the stalactites and their cold, continuous dripping. But the little scamp he had left in the boat at that moment began to whine for bucksheesh, because he said his flinty old father would not give him one cent of our fare, and we must make him a present secretly. A scion worthy of his parent! I snubbed him, and called to the swimmer to hurry out. We were none too quick. The wind had risen, and after paddling, crab-fashion, some way on our return, I saw, with real satisfaction, Agnielli and his lusty crew making toward us in our own boat. Ranging alongside, we jumped quickly in, threw Cyclops a dollar, and soon after gladly left Capri with a fair wind for Sorrento, with the above experience, to which all Syntaxes in pursuit of the picturesque are heartily welcome, Messrs. Editors, with your kind permission.

CICERONE.

SWEETER FAR IN HEAVEN.

IT was evening. We were seated alone at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and joy; and as our fingers glided gently up the silver-keyed octaves, and music, "the soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to our touch, it seemed that nowhere in this glad earth could there be hearts beating heavily—so light and joyous were our own. The last echo had died away in the distance, and turning from the instrument, our eye rested upon the silvered locks and bending form of one whose countenance bespoke a pure and noble heart. We had never met before, but he whispered softly, while a smile of beauty wreathed his colorless lips, "Young maiden, 'twill be sweeter far in heaven!" Oh, how those few simple words changed the current of our thoughts; and when, in words of winning eloquence, he spoke of the comforts of our holy religion, and urged us to consecrate our life, our talents, our all, to the service of our Maker, we thought no sacrifice too great, if, like him, we too might know the source of joy; if, like him, we too might see unfolding before our spirit's vision the glories of the Celestial City.

Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of earth, folded his thin arms and went to sleep. They laid him to rest, away in the church-yard; but we knew that there was but the casket—that the spirit, no longer fettered, was basking in the sunlight of the Saviour's smile; and that his voice, no longer tremulous, mingled in the anthems of the "just made perfect." And when at twilight hour we breathe a song of the "olden time," beautiful, indeed, through the vista of the past, comes the remembrance of those joy-inspiring words, "'Twill be sweeter far in heaven!"



PRATTLE AND TATTLE.

DEAR EDITOR,—Your last number was delightful, practically illustrating the "tact, taste, and talent" about which I hear so much; we enjoyed it greatly, and pronounced it "the best paper going." As for myself, you treat me, I see, after the fashion of the white cat in the fairy stories of our youth; you cut off my head and tail, and throw them into the fire, trusting I, or rather my scribbling, may profit thereby, and turn out fit to be seen. By-the-by, could that have been the notion struggling in Coroner Connery's mind relative to the peculiar tail supposed to have been attached to "Mary," and with which she was assumed to have entered the legal presence? Could he have meant to imply that she was not transformed or beautified in any way, but stood there before him in her simple and undisturbed honesty—in her grub, or caterpillar, or white cat condition? The learned heads of the city seem at present absorbed in conjectures and researches on the signification of this remarkable appendage; but I fear the true explanation must have been lost to us through the lapse of ages. Or, could it possibly bear any reference to another charming legend of our infancy, that of Little Bopeep, who is described as having lost her sheep, and, while she vainly endeavored to ascertain their whereabouts, she sees them return to her safe and sound, "*with* their tails behind them?" I threw out the suggestion (as the heavy *Athenæum* says, apropos of any thing extra silly) for the benefit of the studious inquirer.

Why were you not at the concert last week, my dear Sir? I long to shake the hand of friendship with your amiable self. I was the more sorry not to find you there, as I was looking extremely well; I was in good spirits, and in my new hat, which was pronounced "sweet!" In confidence, let me add, I had dressed for you, therefore imagine my disappointment! So long, too, have I been wishing to meet you accidentally on purpose! First impressions are every thing, and it is a pity not to see me when I am well attired and looking my best; instead of some day, perhaps, stumbling in upon me when I happen to be deep in my domestic concerns, arrayed in a huge apron, may be, with my sleeves tucked up and hands covered with flour; or, worse still, the elegancies of my costume formed by an inferior gown and a dark duster, with which I may be assisting to arrange the parlors for a *soirée!* What a crisis for our first meeting! Not that I am shocked to be found busy; I simply think those occupations unideal, and not becoming to the complexion! If I were driven to the alternative, I'd much rather be disturbed in the preliminaries of my toilet, or direct from the bath itself. A woman *can* pardon an interruption at such a time, provided it really is a *genuine* accident, and the hair she wears grows on her own head. The situation, you know, is rather *piquant* than otherwise; and I must honestly say, I should prefer such a disaster, lamentable as it would be, to a surprise of the domestic sort intimated above.

THE BELLOWES PUFFING.

The week has been rather flat, I think; only two or three slow concerts to mark it, and the blast from the Reverend Bellowes, whose wind apparatus was inflated on Tuesday night, fanning the fire of the Dramatic Fund by some very vigorous puffs. Fancy the worthy clericus performing a *pas seul* in the neglected Opera House, before a large and delighted audience! I agree with him so fully about the necessity of recreation and amusement, that I could not make up my mind to spend the evening at an interminable lecture of that kind, so I went elsewhere. A sensible friend tells me the discourse was judicious, and worth hearing; but, dear me! think of listening to any human being for two hours and a half—unless he were a lover! Even then, I should wish to put in a word occasionally. Seriously speaking, I admire the good feeling of the pleader, advocating the decencies of the Drama, and still more the courage that allows him to say what he thinks. But I suspect the reverend gentleman looks back on his slender theatrical experiences through the vail of distance, and the bright gilding of youth. For my part, I never see an audience look so fascinating, and delightful, and interesting as he describes. Do you?—not to mention the actors.

IMMORAL PLAYS.

But it always seems to me so useless finding fault with the public taste in running after such plays as Camille, The Marble Heart, etc., as long as the persons they represent are found so interesting to you gentlemen. We women can not but be curious about matters that absorb our masculine friends so deeply. We naturally wish to learn all that is possible about these sirens who interest your feelings, occupy your time, and spend all your money! and I assure you, if *you* didn't care about such topics, *we* wouldn't. We only go from motives of laudable curiosity to investigate some of this fascination, and find out how on earth it's all done. You be good enough to give up the reality, and we'll very quickly give up the fiction, take my word for it.

MADAME GAZZANIGA AND MISS PHILLIPS.

We were at the opera the other night, where the fair Gazzaniga (I was going to say Gazza *Ladra*, but if she does steal any thing, it's not our affections) is yet holding forth to scanty audiences. Spite of the Bellowes's advocacy, the houses were virtuously thin; spite of her belonging to what some critic called that "charming type, a blonde," she doesn't seem to "take." How is it, I wonder? And yet I was told "blondes were quite the fashion this year!" That critic, by-the-by, must have had dark hair; men always admire a contrast to themselves. Don't look doubtful; it is really the case—so much so, that if ever I wish to make a particular impression on a person, I look at the color of his eyes, and if they resemble my own I give it up on the spot; on the contrary, if I find a different shade, I have hopes, and act accordingly. I was going to call your attention to that clever, sensible Miss Phillips, whose voice is as excellent as her understandings—and that is saying a great deal. If I were to write plainly she has remarkably good legs, you might vote me "improper," but notwithstanding that, they are really worth seeing. But I must cease. They are waiting for me to go to a stupid "reception;" and if I am not well dressed, the "dear friend" we intend to visit will think I mean to insult her. Therefore, adieu.

SLEEP IS OF GOD.

SLEEP is the gift of God, and not a man would close his eyes did not God put his fingers on his eye-lids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night, draws the curtain of darkness, bids the sun shut his burning eyes; then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; it was beyond your power. You close your eyes, but still you see, and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain. Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physicians on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves, but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

A KING REPROVED.

A KING was riding along in disguise, and seeing a soldier at a public-house door, stopped and asked the soldier to drink with him; and while they were talking, the King swore.

The soldier said, "Sir, I am sorry to hear a gentleman swear."

His Majesty took no notice, and soon swore again.

The soldier said, "Sir, I will pay part of the pot if you please, and go; for I hate swearing. If you were the King himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" said the King.

"I should," said the soldier.

His Majesty said no more, but left him. A while after, the King having invited some of his lords to dine with him, the soldier was sent for, and while they were at dinner, he was ordered into the room to wait a while. Presently the King uttered an oath. The soldier immediately, but with great modesty, said,

"Should not my lord, the King, fear an oath?"

The King, looking first at the lords and then at the soldier, said:

"There, my lords, is an honest man; he can respectfully remind me of the great sin of swearing; but you can sit and let me send my soul to hell by swearing, and not so much as to tell me of it."

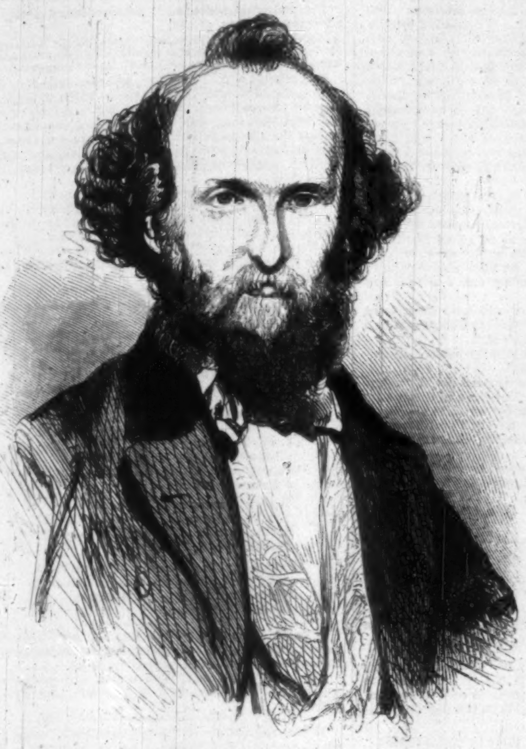
LONGFELLOW'S "ART IS LONG."

THE late Dr. Kitto was fond of poetry, and occasionally wrote it himself. A fine conception or a glowing image afforded him intense pleasure. He had met with the following verse from Longfellow, as a motto, in some book he had been reading:

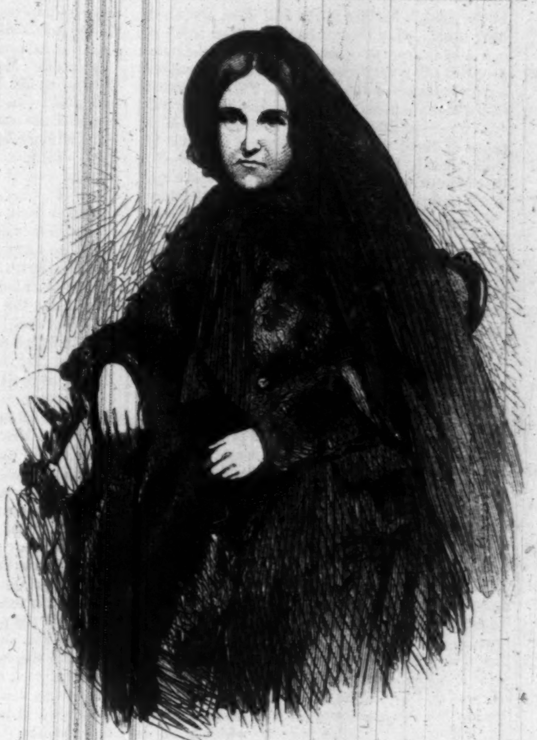
> Art is long and time is fleeting;
> And our hearts, though strong and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave.

He committed the lines at once to memory, and advised his eldest daughter to do the same. "I would," added he, "give fifty pounds to be the author of that verse. He has done something for the world—he has given it a fine and beautiful idea." Without denying the originality of Longfellow's idea, he was not the first who embodied it in poetry. Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, in a volume of poems published in 1657, has:

> But hark! my pulse, like a soft drum,
> Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
> But slow howe'er my marches be,
> I shall at last sit down by thee.



JOHN J. ECKEL.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROTHERS.)



MRS. CUNNINGHAM, *alias* BURDELL.—(PHOTOGR. BY MEADE BROS.)

TRIAL OF MRS. CUNNINGHAM FOR MURDER.

In view of the general interest taken in the trials growing out of the murder of the late Dr. Burdell, we have thought it well to place before our readers accurate portraits of Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel—from photographs taken by Meade, Brothers—together with a sketch of the Court-house during the scenes which preceded the trial.

No murder, during the present century, has created greater excitement than that of Dr. Burdell. Those who have lived long enough to remember the mysterious murder of Dr. Lutener, the oculist and ladies' man; the strange and horrible murder of Dr. Parkman, of Boston, by the unfortunate Dr. Webster; the awful massacre of the printer Adams, by John C. Colt; the weird story of the assassination of Helen C. Jewett; and the other great murder cases which have harrowed men's minds during the past quarter of a century, will bear us out in the assertion that no event of the kind ever created such a sensation in this community as was produced by the Coroner's inquest on the body of Harvey Burdell. It has even attracted marked attention abroad, and English, French, and German papers have copied extracts from the evidence, and published speculations on the probable guilt or innocence of the parties suspected.

The better to enable the public to follow the details of the trial now commencing, we propose to condense into a few paragraphs the evidence already taken, both on the Coroner's inquest, and before the Surrogate, on the application of Mrs. Cunningham for letters of administration of Dr. Burdell's estate.

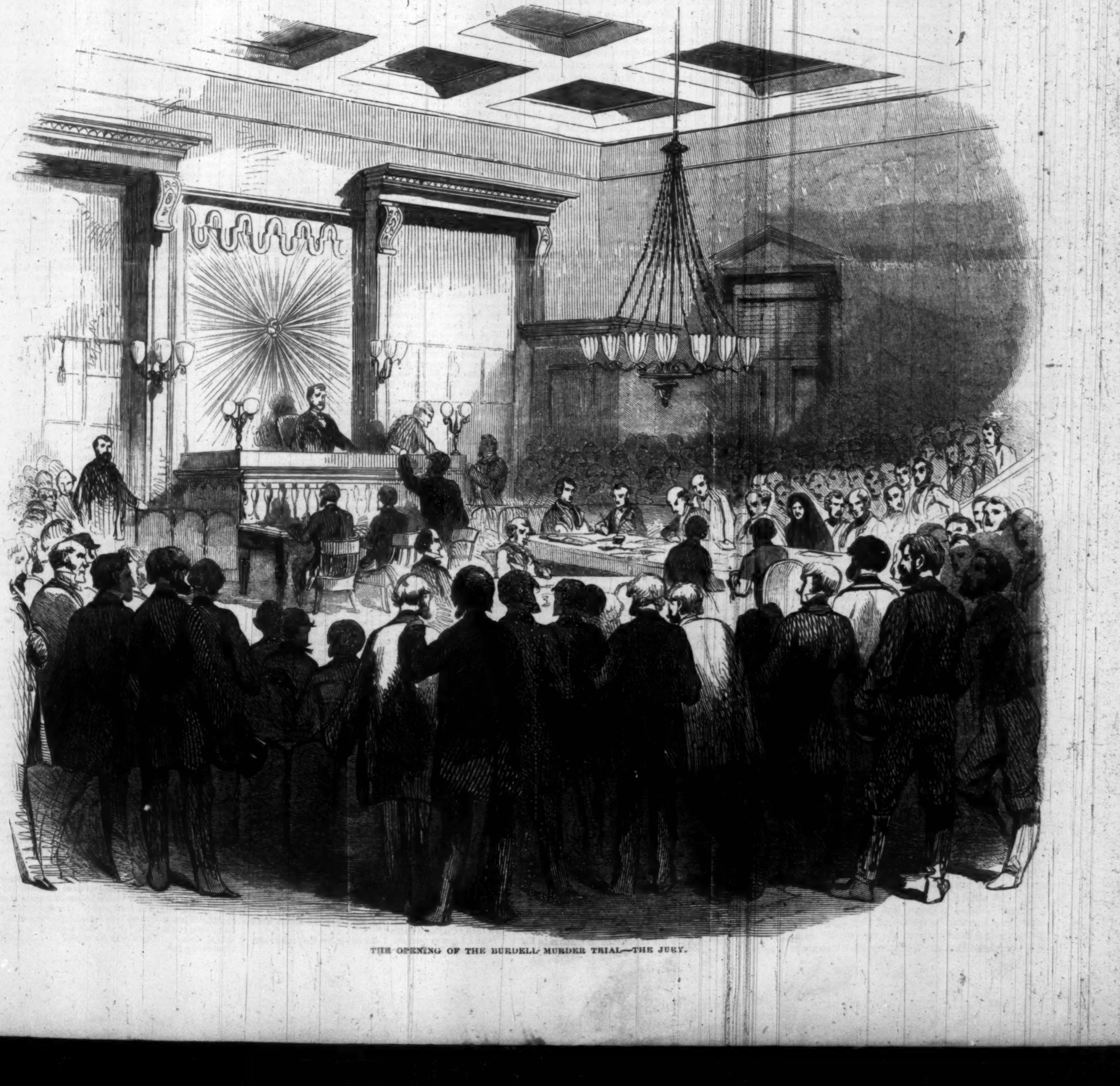
On Friday, 30th January last, Dr. Harvey Burdell entered his house, 31 Bond Street, about half-past ten or eleven P. M. He was apparently in good health and sound mind. Next morning he was found dead on the floor of his room, with several mortal wounds in his body inflicted by a dagger.

From the blood which sprinkled the wall of his room, it is evident that the murder was committed in that room. It therefore becomes of moment to know what persons had easy access to it at the time the deed was committed. The inmates of the house 31 Bond Street that night were, Mrs. Cunningham, who leased it from Dr. Burdell, her two daughters Augusta and Helen, her two sons, George Vail Snodgrass, John J. Eckel, Hannah Conlan the cook, and Daniel Ullman. All these persons have been separately examined, and testify that they know nothing of the murder, and heard no noise whatever that night. No witness has been produced who could give any direct testimony of any kind as to the actual committal of the deed. Up to this time the whole evidence has been circumstantial. The murder may have been the work of a person who entered the house from outside, dispatched his victim, and retired so discreetly as to escape detection; but, in this case, the motive must have been revenge, or some kindred passion, for no robbery was effected or even attempted. Or, it may have been the work of a person within the house, who had an object to gain by the deed, and the means of concealing its traces.

There is reason to believe that Dr. Burdell was first strangled, then stabbed. Witnesses have sworn that in the neighborhood of eleven o'clock on the night of the 30th they heard a stifled cry proceeding from his room, and sounds as of a scuffle. The weapon has not been discovered. Dr. Woodward has sworn that the wounds in the deceased's body were such as would have been produced by a four-cornered dirk or dagger. Mrs. Margaret Alviset has testified that she sold such a dagger to George V. Snodgrass two or three days before the murder; but much doubt and uncertainty envelop this point.

No clothing stained with venous or arterial blood has been discovered, though of course the murderer must have been sprinkled with the blood of his victim. But Dr. Parmly testifies that he saw a light burning in an attic room that night; that the light blazed up and burned down alternately, as though it was freshly fed from time to time; that it burned for a long period. We know also that the room was unoccupied. An analysis of the cinders—predicated upon the hypothesis that they were the ashes of burned clothing—failed to detect traces of blood.

Besides the blood on the walls of the room where the deed was committed, blood-stains were found



THE OPENING OF THE BURDELL MURDER TRIAL—THE JURY.

in the passage leading to the hall door, and on the door itself. One theory suggests that these are marks of the escape of the murderer into the street. Another, and a very remarkable one, has been built on the evidence of John Farrell. This man swears that about the time we have reason to believe the deed was committed he sat down on the steps of the house 31 Bond Street to rest himself and lace his shoe; that he heard a noise within as of a scuffle; that presently the door opened abruptly, and a man in his shirt-sleeves thrust his head and shoulders out, inquiring angrily what he did there; that, fearful of ill-usage, he hastened to leave the place; and that, to the best of his recollection, that man was John J. Eckel. If the evidence of Farrell is believed, a very striking chain of circumstantial evidence brings the deed home to Eckel. Had he committed the murder, the action which Farrell imputes to him would have been quite natural. At the same time, grave doubts have been raised of Farrell's credibility. His character has been assailed; his habits have been investigated with a result unfavorable to his evidence; and his identification of Eckel in a room full of people—which appeared so remarkable, and in a sense, providential, at the time—can well be explained on a theory by no means implying the guilt of the party suspected. His attention *must* have been directed to Eckel by the by-standers; they could not help doing so, however much they may have tried to conceal their thoughts.

Passing to the second branch of the inquiry—the question of motive—a very wide range of circumstances present themselves to view. The late Harvey Burdell was a man of irascible temper, few, if any, friendships, and unsocial habits. He was an unpopular man, and a man, to say the least, of small delicacy in the choice of his acquaintance. He had, by the practice of his profession, amassed, at the time of his death, a property which has been estimated at $100,000. He had no direct heirs. For a period of years he seems to have maintained illicit relations with females of doubtful character, and a large portion of his practice seems to have been among the lowest class of women.

On the 1st of May, of last year, Mrs. Cunningham moved into the house, 31 Bond Street, which belonged to Dr. Burdell. He occupied two rooms in the house as a boarder: there were other boarders in other parts of the house. There is, perhaps, no positive testimony that is reliable to show that intimate relations existed between the Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham; but the rent was low, and the favor shown to her by the Doctor signal. Early in the autumn she instituted a suit against him for breach of promise of marriage. On 22d of October that suit was withdrawn, in consideration of a written promise from Dr. Burdell to befriend her and her family through life, and to lease her the house she occupied at a rent considerably below its value. Six days afterward, on 28th of October, Dr. Marvine, a clergyman of this city, married Mrs. Cunningham to a man who called himself Dr. Burdell. Much discussion has arisen on the subject of this marriage; one theory assuming that Burdell was not the man who was married, but that he was personated on that occasion by some one else, such as Mr. Eckel—the other taking the facts to be as they appear on the face of the record. These theories have been considerably enlightened by the evidence taken before the Surrogate. The basis on which the former rests is this: Dr. Marvine had, at first, grave doubts whether Eckel or Burdell was the man he married, and rather seemed to think the former had really been the bridegroom; he described, and still describes, the man he married as shrinking from examination, and seemingly afraid of being looked at—the very opposite demeanor to Dr. Burdell's; the Doctor invariably denied that he was married to Mrs. Cunningham, and took active steps to get rid of her altogether; he spoke of her in a manner implying a suspicion of relations between her and Eckel; she never mentioned the marriage to any one but her daughters; and, lastly, on the 22d of November, nearly one month after the marriage, she directed her attorneys to revive the suit for breach of promise against Dr. Burdell. On the other hand, Helen Cunningham swears that the Doctor and her mother told her they were to be married, that she saw them go out for the purpose, and that they told her, when they returned, that they were married. Augusta Cunningham swears that she was present at the marriage, and signed the certificate, it being understood that the marriage was to be kept a secret till June; and, finally, Dr. Marvine seems, latterly, to incline to the belief that the man he married *was* Dr. Burdell. Dr. Parmly adds a singular ray of light, or shadow of darkness—it is hard to say which—to the imbroglio, by testifying that, on the evening of the marriage, he saw a man dressing in the house 31 Bond Street, and that the man was disguised, especially about the head, when he came out of the door. Such is the evidence, *pro* and *con*, on the subject of the marriage, and we are bound to say that the weight of probability is in favor of the assumption that, on the 28th of October, Mrs. Cunningham was really married to Dr. Burdell—though very likely it may have been understood at the time of the marriage that, in a certain contingency—which contingency did afterward take place—the marriage should go for nothing, and involve no legal consequences.

We are approaching the period of the murder. As the winter advanced, Mrs. Cunningham and Dr. Burdell did not live happily together. He accused her of robbing his safe. He had almost a fight with her. He once sent for a policeman to protect him against her. These facts rest on good evidence. Testimony of a far more doubtful character affirms that the sentiments of Mrs. Cunningham, Eckel, and her family were very bitter against the Doctor; that they spoke ill and threateningly of him; that she spied out his movements, and dogged his steps; that relations of a most intimate character existed between Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham; and that a species of plot against the Doctor was formed between the two against him. We apprehend that the testimony on which these assumptions rest may not stand the test of a searching cross-examination.

Early in January, a truce seems to have been concluded. Mrs. Cunningham executed a general release to Dr. Burdell, and agreed to vacate the premises on 1st May. Of the circumstances which attended the conclusion of this bargain—for a bargain it must have been—we are unhappily ignorant. They would shed a flood of light on the subsequent events. Before the execution of this release, Dr. Burdell had resolved to oust Mrs. Cunningham from the house; in January he began to take active steps to carry his design into effect. He proposed to a Mrs. Stansbury to take the house, and, having made inquiries concerning her, determined to have her there. He began to be very uneasy about the behavior of the Cunningham family. He would not eat in the house. He declared that he feared designs on his life from them. He asserted that they lurked about him murderously. He imputed like schemes to both Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham. Thus miserably getting through the month of January, he finally made an appointment with Mrs. Stansbury to sign the lease of the house on the morning of the 31st. There is reason to believe that this appointment, and its purpose, were known to Mrs. Cunningham. When Mrs. Stansbury came, to fulfill her appointment, she found that the Doctor had been murdered a few hours before.

We have thus summed up, very briefly, the leading points of the evidence hitherto elicited. We refrain from adding a word that might seem to invade the province of the jury.

It is but right, however, that we should say that the theory which assumes that the murder was the work of Eckel and Mrs. Cunningham is subject to several serious objections. John J. Eckel is a man in good business, good credit, and fair standing; the investment—to use a mercantile phrase—in Dr. Burdell's blood would have been a very injudicious one. He had known the Cunninghams but a few weeks before the murder. To presume that he would join Mrs. Cunningham in murdering Dr. Burdell, in order to marry her for the sake of her dower, is much at variance with apparent probability. And his coolness and self-possession on the morning following the murder—as testified to by Daniel Ullman, his clerk, and another man of business—are almost unaccountable if he really did the deed. If, again, we presume that Mrs. Cunningham was the murderess—either as principal or as accomplice—it is hard to acquit her daughters of complicity likewise. It is hardly possible that they can have been ignorant of what was going on, especially as they slept with their mother. Is it reasonable to presume that young girls of eighteen and sixteen would display such self-possession and iron firmness as they have displayed, if they had such a fearful secret in their breasts?

We make these remarks simply because we feel that the chain of the preceding narrative has unavoidably tended to throw suspicion on the family and on Eckel. It must be well remembered that hardly any of the witnesses from whose evidence we glean the above facts have been subjected to a searching cross-examination. In a few days, no doubt, we shall have the wheat sifted from the chaff, and we are greatly mistaken if the latter be not found to have abounded in the hands of Coroner Connery.

Our excellent District Attorney, Mr. Oakey Hall, has resolved to proceed with the case methodically and philosophically. He therefore tries Mrs. Cunningham first, leaving a door open for the admission of the testimony of John J. Eckel. Though it is not easy to see how this gentleman can give any useful evidence, as of course he will say nothing in reference to himself, it is still quite desirable that justice should have the benefit of a full knowledge of what he may choose to say.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Too much vinegar spoils the salad.
Gutta Percha is good for the sole.
Ceremonies, like flags, are best waived.
Prejudices and frogs croak loudest in the dark.
With men, as with monuments, position is every thing.
The busy tongue, sooner than not talk, scandalizes.
An English wife and a French cook!—if a man's home is not happy with those blessings, it is his own fault!

There are men, like mines, that do not pay for the working; so, before you select your man, mind he is well worth the plant.

A woman will never acknowledge to a defeat. You may conquer her; you may bring her on her knees; you may wave over her head the very flag of victory; but still she will not acknowledge she is beaten—in the same way that there are Frenchmen who will not admit, to the present day, that they lost the Battle of Waterloo.

A woman beats the old German, for her philosophy is, mostly, not only KANT, but Won't!

Alexander, Emperor of all the Russias, is about to gazette himself as his own Army tailor. In these days of peace the eagle is to pair with the goose.

"No children nowadays, Ma'am! All our children are men, and all our men are childish, Ma'am!"

"Look at those brave English troops! See how firm they stand! On my word, they are like carpets—not only true to their colors, but, by Jove, they never know when they're beaten!"—NAPOLEON (*the Uncle*) *at Waterloo.*

INSCRIPTION FOR BUBBLE BANKS.—"No money returned."

The following anecdote is told of Matthews, the actor: It seems that the great comedian sat opposite to a gentleman, on one occasion, at dinner, who, after using his tooth-pick, put it by the side of his plate, on seeing which his next neighbor took it up and did the same. Matthews was horrified, and said, quietly:

"I beg pardon, but do you know you are using that gentleman's tooth-pick?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, and in a few moments he repeated the same trick. Matthews was now unable to contain himself, and shouted, at the top of his voice:

"Sir, do you know that you are using that gentleman's tooth-pick?"

"Well, Sir, suppose I am; I mean to give it back to him," was the answer of the offended citizen.

A man can not leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs.

Hoops were the fashion in the days of Addison. The great essayist thus speaks of them: "I consider woman a beautiful, romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast his skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature shall furnish out its share toward the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it."

Joshua stood beside his fair one, trembling; his heart kept turning over, his eyes grew dim, his tongue was paralyzed. A cold, clammy perspiration oozed throughout his skin, while ever and anon he rolled his liquid eyes toward Julietta. At length his knees gave way, and, down on his marrow bones, he thus addressed her:

"My dearest Julietta, with all my soul I love, I love you!"

Here his voice failed, and he would have sunk upon the carpet, but a timely answer from her enraptured lips brought him, "spell-bound," to his feet.

"Rise, Sir," said she; "do not humble yourself to me, for I do not reciprocate your love."

"Reciprocate! reciprocate!" whispered Josh; "what on earth does that mean?" thought he. And then off he went, never even stopping to kiss her hand, in search of a dictionary, half mad with hope and half with fear.

"Dictionary!" he cried, as he entered the nearest bookstore; "a dictionary, I say!"

"Yes, Sir, in a moment," answered the clerk.

"A moment! thunder!" vociferated Josh; "I want a dictionary!"

"A nicely-bound one?" said the clerk; "sell 'em cheap, cheap as dirt."

Over and over he turned the leaves. At last he stopped, he looked, he sighed; then laying down the book, he walked out, saying, as he went, "Kicked, by jimminy!"

"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire.

"Oh, yes; I always contrive to *get wind of you*," was the reply.

"An exclusively literary Magazine" of this city, of very "decided opinions," rejoicing in the name of the old hero of the wolf's den, whom it imitates only in its great facility in going down hill, delights its intellectual readers with the following stanza:

Toll'd minster bells just when their tongues are still,
And heavy banner tones unroll in air:
For Alpine hymns outpoured from hill to hill,
The last smooth copious strains completed there.

What "decided opinions" are contained in it, it is hard to say, or what *literary* merit it has; but a sharp "city friend" says, "it may be pronounced rhyme, but we doubt whether even the most enthusiastic admirer of the mystical would venture to call it reason or poetry. A few thunderous syllables strung together, and made to rhyme at the end of each line, do not constitute poetry any more than a load of bricks and a bunch of shingles do a house."

A married lady who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

A barrister entered one of the Four Courts, Dublin, with his wig so much awry as to cause a general titter. Seeing Curran smile, he said: "Do you see any thing ridiculous in my wig?" "No," replied Curran, "nothing but your head!"

Lessing, the German philosopher, being absent-minded, knocked at his own door one evening, when the servant girl looking out of the window, and not recognizing him, said: "The Professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," said Lessing, composedly, walking away, "I shall call again another time."

A nervous old man, whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two rival blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove, by the offer of a liberal pecuniary compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighborhood they intended to remove to?

"Why, Sir," replied Jack, with a grin on his phiz, "Tom Smith moves to *my* shop, and I move to *his!*"

A witty lady being asked her opinion of mustachios, replied, "I always set my face against them."

At Zanesville, at the "Eagle," a goat was kept about the stables. One day the host and "usual crowd" in the bar-room were startled by the Dutch hostler rushing in, almost breathless, and exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Meester Borter! Meester Borter! Billy he leaves or I leaves. I go up in de stable, and dere yas Billy. I say, 'Billy, go down!' He says, 'Bah-bah-wa,' and shust gits upon his hind feet. I say again, 'Billy, you go down,' and strikes at him mit de bitch-fork, when de stinknum sheep pitch into me, and buts me down stairs 'mung de mule jacks, who all kicks me more hard dan de goat. So, Meester Borter, Billy he leaves or I leaves!"

Some precious poet defines "beautiful extract" to be helping a young lady out of a mud puddle. This is almost as bad as the wit of Hartley Coleridge, who once being asked which of Wordsworth's productions he considered the prettiest, very promptly replied, "His daughter Dora."

The boy upon foot can not bear to see the boy who is riding. And so it is with envy of a larger growth. We are always crying out, "Whip behind!" in the miserable hope of seeing some hanger-on more fortunate than ourselves knocked from his perch.

"Which is of greater value, prithee, say,
The bride or bridegroom?" "Must the truth be told?"
"Alas, it must!" "The bride is given away,
The bridegroom's often regularly sold."

Chesterfield was at a rout in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies. Voltaire accosted him:

"My lord, I know you are a judge: which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

Some time afterward Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield. A lady in the company, prodigiously rouged, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and engrossed his whole conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated."

"My lord," returned the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

The Rev. Sydney Smith says that when he "took his Yorkshire servants into Somersetshire, a cider country, they thought that making a drink out of apples was a tempting of Providence, who had intended barley as the only natural material of intoxication.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is,
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

A correspondent, something new
Transmitting, signed himself X. Q.;
The editor his letter read,
And begged he might be X. Q. Z.

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen "Crabbe's Tales?"

"Why, no," she answered; "I didn't know that crabs *had* tails."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he; "I mean, have you *read* 'Crabbe's Tales?'"

"And I assure you, Sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other, had tails."

The following appeared in the *Liverpool Daily Post* a few weeks ago:

A GENTLEMAN accustomed to sit with a recently deceased relative, who was many years an invalid, is desirous of a similar Occupation. References most unexceptionable.—Address, etc.

The sitting with a relative, recently deceased, is, of course, one of those acts of attention which, though they may be founded on a somewhat lowly psychology, are not to be derided. But why this gentleman should advertise that he wishes to sit with another defunct relative demands explanation. Is he at enmity with his family? Are his relations rich? The advertisement is suggestive.

A little boy, five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him.

"Powder! powder!" said he, raising himself on one elbow and putting on a roguish smile, "Mother, I ain't a gun!"

"What are wages here?" asked a laborer of a boy.

"Don't know, Sir."

"What does your father get on a Saturday night?"

"Get!" said the boy, "why he gets as tight as a brick."

TEACHER. "How many kind of axes are there?"

BOY. "Broad-axe, narrow axe, post axe, axe of the Legislature, axe of the Apostles, and axe my pa!"

TEACHER. "Good! go to the head of your class."

Jenny, I'd press you to my heart,
But all such pressure you decry—
There's too much cotton, whalebone, lace,
'Tween you and I!

I'd only muss the dry goods up,
And make you blubber, pout, and frown;
Besides, I might (Oh, sad mischance!)
Break whalebones down!

Farewell! I'll pray when next we meet,
And *meet* we may, if fashions change,
At least that we may come within
Good talking range!

A quibbling writer of the last century quaintly observes, that when the cannons of the princes began to war, the canons of the Church were destroyed.

"It was," says he, "first *mitre* that governed the world, and then *nitre*—first *Saint Peter*, and then *Saltpetre*."

Reade, the author of "Peg Woffington," describes a great actress (Mrs. Oldfield) as "a creature with the tongue of an angel, the principles of a weasel, and the passions of a fish."

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard? Because he takes the pledge and can not keep it.

On the arrival of an emigrant ship some years ago, when the *North Carolina* lay off the Battery, an Irishman hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what that was?

"What's that? Why, that's sunset!" was the contemptuous reply.

"Sunset!" exclaimed Paddy, with distended eyes; "sunset! Holy Moses, and does the sun go down in this country with such a clap as that?"

"No admittance, except on business," as the needle said to the thread.

At an inn in Sweden there was the following inscription, in English, on the wall: "You will find at Trolbathe excellent bread, meat, and wine, *provided you bring them!*"

"Mother, mother! here's Zeke fretting the baby. Make him cry again, Zeke, then mother will give him some sugar, and I'll take it away from him; then he'll squall again, and mother will give him more, and you can take that, and so we'll both have some."

Dr. Warren, of Boston, was called upon to visit a wag who was dying of hemorrhage. The Doctor did not arrive as speedily as the patient expected, and upon being asked the reason of his delay, said he had been setting the broken leg of a laborer who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, Doctor?" was the last the dying wag spoke.

A lady of wealth put her daughter, who had been pampered by indolence, under a governess. Upon calling to inquire how her daughter progressed with her studies, she was told, "Not very well." "Why, what is the reason?" "She wants capacity." "Well, you know I don't regard expense; purchase one directly."

A Wisconsin paper, after describing a farm which the advertiser wants to sell, adds: "The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial—divine; also two wagons to sell, and a yoke of steers."

When, courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad cares cumber
My wearied mind;
This thought shall cheer me,
That thou art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

My soul thou keepest,
Who never sleepest;
'Mid gloom the deepest
There's light above.
Thine eyes behold me,
Thine arms enfold me,
Thy word has told me
That God is love.

A Dutch Reformed clergyman and a High Church Episcopalian minister were conversing together one day in the streets of Brooklyn, when a Baptist preacher, famous for jests, approached them. He laid his hand familiarly on the shoulder of the Dutch Reformer, remarking, "Here is the Gospel!" and then placing the other on the shoulder of the Episcopalian, he observed, "And here the Law!" The Episcopalian pointed at the Baptist, and responded, "And there is the Apocrypha between the two!" The Baptist, coolly walking on, observed, "Dominie, I owe you one!"

Lying is held in all Christian countries to be one of the lowest and most degrading of vices; but there is now and then a man who, by constant practice in some particular line of mendacity, becomes so expert as rather to excite the admiration of his acquaintance for his ingenuity and address. Of this stamp is a personage well known to the people about the head of Lake Champlain, and to all travelers who ever had occasion to go over the old stage route from Whitehall to Saratoga. He was for many years the agent for that most execrable line of stages, and had every quality for his office. He was industrious, wide-awake, and faithful to the interests of his employers, with no other vice but that of lying—a useful gift on that route—which, by high cultivation, he had made one of "the fine arts." Every traveler who ever saw him will remember him and his broken promises. It chanced, some three or four years ago, that the conversation which engrossed the tongues of a knot of gentlemen in the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, was about liars. At length a gentleman from Northern New York said he would wager "the drinks all round" that he could name the most unblushing and ingenious liar in America. "Done!" exclaimed a Southerner. "Who do you name?" "I name A. R., stage agent of Whitehall, New York," said the Northerner. "It's no bet," cried the astonished Southerner, "*you've got my man!*"

A bottle-nosed loafer went into one of our barber-shops the other day, and after being shaved, handed the proprietor a red cent, upon which he was informed that the price of shaving was a sixpence. Loafer replied very coolly, "I know it, and that (pointing to the cent) only lacks five cents of it! You ain't a-going to stand for half a dime?" There was no appeal to this ludicrous view of the case.

The *Milwaukie Sentinel*, having placed upon its bulletin board an announcement of the *Pacific's* arrival, on which was written, "War in *statu quo*," two men from the country walked up to the board, and after reading very demurely, "War in *statu quo*," said one of them, "Where in thunder's that?" "I don't know," said the other; "it'll spread all over the world yet." "Shouldn't wonder if it did," said the first. This reminds us of an anecdote of a person who affected profound information upon every subject, and who, while listening with a crowd of companions to the reading of "the latest from France," hearing the words "the French have taken umbrage," and wishing to show his superior knowledge, broke in with "Ah, indeed! taken Umbrage, have they? I knew they'd been besieging it for some time."

"Well B——, I *want* that money. When *will* you pay the bill?"

"Oh! well, I'll pay it before—before you *get through wanting it*."

A little particle of rain,
  That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain—
  "My brief existence now is ended
Outcast alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die!"

It chanced to fall into the sea,
  And there an open shell received it.
In after years how rich was he
  Who from its prison-house relieved it.
The drop of rain had formed a gem,
To deck a monarch's diadem.

A funny story is told of a man who stole a five-dollar bill out in Indiana. In order to lessen the crime his counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being at a discount. The prosecutor said he knew the prisoner was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think he was so mean as not to be willing to steal Indiana money at par.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday Evening, May* 4, 1857.

The Import Trade was large, the Export small, at this port during the past week. It compares as follows with the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending May 2, 1857	$4,790,774....	$0,884,523
Corresponding week, 1856	4,194,409....	1,201,953
Decrease this year...............		$317,430
Increase this year	596,365	

About $1,200,000 was exported in Specie, the first of our heavy weekly shipments, which will now probably continue for a couple of months, though possibly without deranging materially the bank supply, as the domestic exchanges are now setting in favor of this city. Should the California shipments continue as small as they have been this year hitherto, the usual fall stringency may possibly come upon us in July and August. Meanwhile, we report a continued ease in Money, first class names ranging from 7 to 9 per cent., and exchange firm at 109¼ @ 109¼. The advices from Europe, per *Africa*, bringing news of an increased stringency in the London market, and a continued Specie drain to the East, has tended to induce caution among capitalists here.

The Cotton Msrket is dull and heavy. Flour and Wheat are more inquired for, at a slight advance on last week's rates. Provisions are in good demand, at steady prices. Sugars are very firm, with limited sales.

Stocks have fluctuated during the week, closing some higher, some lower than they were last Monday. The following table shows the movement of prices;

	Monday, April 27.	Monday, May 4
New York Central................	87¼	87¼
Erie..............................	42¼	42¼
Reading..........................	82	81½
Michigan Southern................	68¼	65
Toledo	66¼	60¼
Rock Island	96¼	98¼
Michigan Central	95	95¼
Panama	92	94½
Galena and Chicago...............	101¼	100¾
Virginia 6s	91¼	91¼
Missouris........................	83¼	83
Californias, '75.................	51	48
Illinois Central	99¼	99¼

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday Evening, May* 4, 1857.

The Wholesale Produce Markets exhibited increased vigor and buoyancy during the week. Breadstuffs were sparingly offered, and were in lively request at decidedly higher prices. Western Canal Brands close at $6 00 @ $6 75 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 35 @ $9 25 for low to choice extra, per barrel: Superfine to extra Canadian $[illegible] @ $8 30; and low mixed to very choice extra Southern $7 00 @ $9 25, per barrel. Rye Flour $3 60 @ $4 30 for fine to superfine; Corn Meal, $3 30 for Jersey, and $3 75 for Brandywine, per barrel. The bulk of the sales of Wheat Flour were to home dealers and speculators. The export demand lacked animation, despite the uncommonly low rates for freight prevalent here. Grain was generally actively sought after at much-improved prices. We quote White Wheat at $1 65 @ $1 85; Red Wheat at $1 40 @ $1 65; Mixed Corn at 80 @ 82 c.; Yellow Corn at 80 c.; White Corn at 80 @ 88 c.; Western Oats at 63 @ 65 c.; State Oats at 60 @ 62½ c.; Jersey Oats 58 @ 60 c.; Southern Oats 55 @ 58 c.; Rye 89 @ 90 c.; Barley $1 25 @ $1 50; Barley Malt $1 65 @ $1 75, per bushel. Cotton was but moderately inquired for, at, however, somewhat better prices. Middling Uplands leave off at 14½ c.; do. Gulfs 14½ @ 14¾ c.; and other grades at proportionate figures, per pound. Provisions attracted more attention from buyers, and the leading articles advanced in price. We quote Mess Pork $23 25 @ $23 50; Prime do. $19 00; Country Mess Beef $13 00 @ $14 00; and Prime do. $10 75 @ $11 50, per barrel. Prime Mess Beef $26 00 @ $30 00 per tierce. Beef Hams $23 00 @ $24 00 per barrel. Prime Lard, in barrels, 14¾ c. per pound. State Butter, 22 @ 31 c., and Cheese 12 @ 13 c., per pound. Groceries were in good demand, and prices were well supported. Hay was plenty and salable at 70 @ 80 c. for large, and 85 c. @ $1 00 for small lots, per 100 pounds. Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were inactive at old rates. Naval Stores were unsettled. Rosin attracted much attention from buyers, at higher prices. Tar and Turpentine were lightly dealt in at about previous quotations. Tallow was more sought after, and it advanced to 11¼ c. per pound for Prime; Tobacco was quiet, yet very firm. Domestic Whiskey was moderately active at essentially unchanged figures.

Stocks of several Articles in New York about May 1.

	1856.	1857.
Ashes, barrels	75	690
Coffee, packages.................	47,357	97,724
Cotton, bales	89,000	66,500
Hemp, tons.......................	—	240
Hemp, bales......................	16,687	11,852
Hides, number	85,369	90,542
Leather, Sole, sides	24,400	113,300
Molasses, hogsheads	3,918	13,080
Molasses, barrels................	1,565	550
Rice, tierces	9,087	6,927
Rice, bags.......................	—	1,364
Sugars, hogsheads	22,596	37,554
Sugars, bags.....................	—	21,490
Sugars, boxes....................	3,550	21,076
Tobacco, hogsheads	3,029	4,023
Tobacco, bales...................	5,793	8,905

Freights were quite dull, and rates were somewhat nominal. For Liverpool, Cotton 2s. @ 2s. 6d. per bale; Flour, 6d. per barrel; Grain, nominally 1½d. @ 2d. per bushel; Beef, 6d. @ 1s. per tierce; Resin, 3d. @ 6d. per barrel; and heavy goods, 7s. 6d. @ 10s. per ton. For other ports, proportionately low quotations.

The Live Stock Market was not so good for Beeves, owing to the increased supply available exceeding the requirements of purchasers. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, reached 3417 Beeves, 327 Milch Cows, 1204 Veal Calves, 3987 Sheep and Lambs, and 2133 Swine, against 2605 Beeves, 327 Milch Cows, 1118 Veal Calves, 3585 Sheep and Lambs, and 1735 Swine the preceding week. Illinois, Ohio, New York, and Indiana furnished the bulk of the stock offered the last market day. The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 9½ c. for the poorest, to 14 c. for premium cattle, the general average having been 11½ c. per pound, or ½ c. per pound under the previous week's currency. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, were more freely bought, at full, and, in some instances, a shade higher, prices. We do not, however, deem it necessary to alter our quotations. Veal Calves were abundant and cheaper, though they were pretty briskly inquired for. The bulk of the week's sales were effected at from 5 @ 7 c. per pound, live weight. Sheep and Lambs continued scarce and in demand, mainly at from $5 00 @ $10 00 per head. Swine were plenty and heavy. We quote, Live, 6¾ @ 7¼ c., and dressed, at 8¾ @ 9½ c. per pound.

The Country Produce Market displays no remarkably new feature. Fruit and Vegetables are in fair request at uniform prices. Barnyard produce is more abundant, and is obtainable on easier terms. The demand is moderate. Dairy produce is rather less freely offered, and, with a good inquiry for it, it is bringing better prices. The rainy weather, Saturday and to-day, interfered with business in the leading markets.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, common to good, per barrel..	$2 50	@	$4 50
" good to extra, per barrel	$4 50	@	$6 25
" Dried, State, per pound.....	11	@	14
" " Southern, per pound .	9	@	12
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$15 00
Dried Peaches (peeled), per pound...	17	@	21
" " (unpeeled), per pound,	9	@	11
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	75	@	$1 50
Potatoes, per barrel................	$1 75	@	$5 00
" Sweet, per barrel..........	$7 00	@	—
Onions, Red, per barrel.............	$3 50	@	$4 00
" Yellow, per barrel...........	$4 25	@	—
" White, per barrel	$4 75	@	$5 50
" per 100 strings	$5 00	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 25	@	$1 50
Beets, per barrel	$2 50	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 50	@	$2 00
Turnips, per barrel.................	75	@	$2 00
Cabbages, per 100	$5 00	@	$9.00
Garlic, per 100 bunches.............	$6 50	@	—
Maple Sugar, per pound	12½	@	—
Spinach, per barrel.................	$2 00	@	$2 50
Lettuce, per hundred	$6 00	@	—
" " dozen.................	75	@	$1 00
Sprouts, per barrel	$1 75	@	—
Rhubarb, per dozen..................	$2 00	@	—
White Beans, per bushel.............	$1 50	@	$1 75
Butter, Western, per pound	15	@	21
" State, per pound	22	@	31
Cheese, State, per pound............	12	@	13
Lard, per pound.....................	14½	@	14¾
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	15	@	16
Fowls, per pound....................	16	@	20
Ducks, Domestic, per pound..........	18	@	25
Turkeys, per pound	15	@	20
Geese, per pound	9	@	17
Pigeons, per dozen	$1 75	@	$2 25
English Snipe, per dozen............	$3 00	@	$3 50
Prairie Hens, per pair	50	@	—
Beef, per pound	9	@	12
Mutton, per pound	9	@	13
Lamb, per pound	11	@	15
Veal, per pound.....................	7	@	10
Pork, per pound.....................	8½	@	9½

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References.

Richard Jones, American Exchange Bank, New York; H. T. Moore, Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn; John Price, 74 Grand Street, Williamsburgh; and upward of 50 more City References will be given if called for.

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